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The end of the road?

BY DAVID PRYCE-JONES

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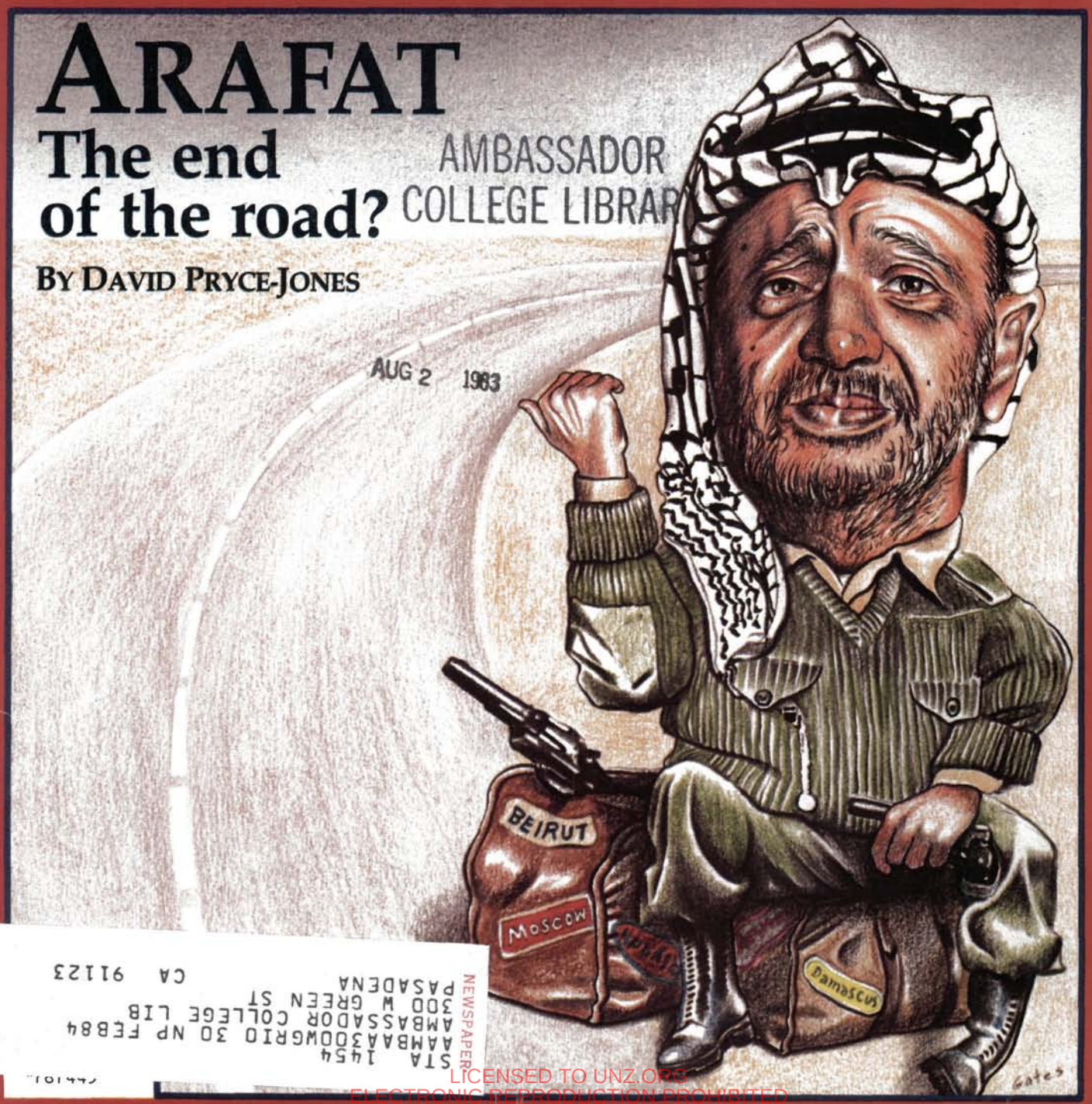

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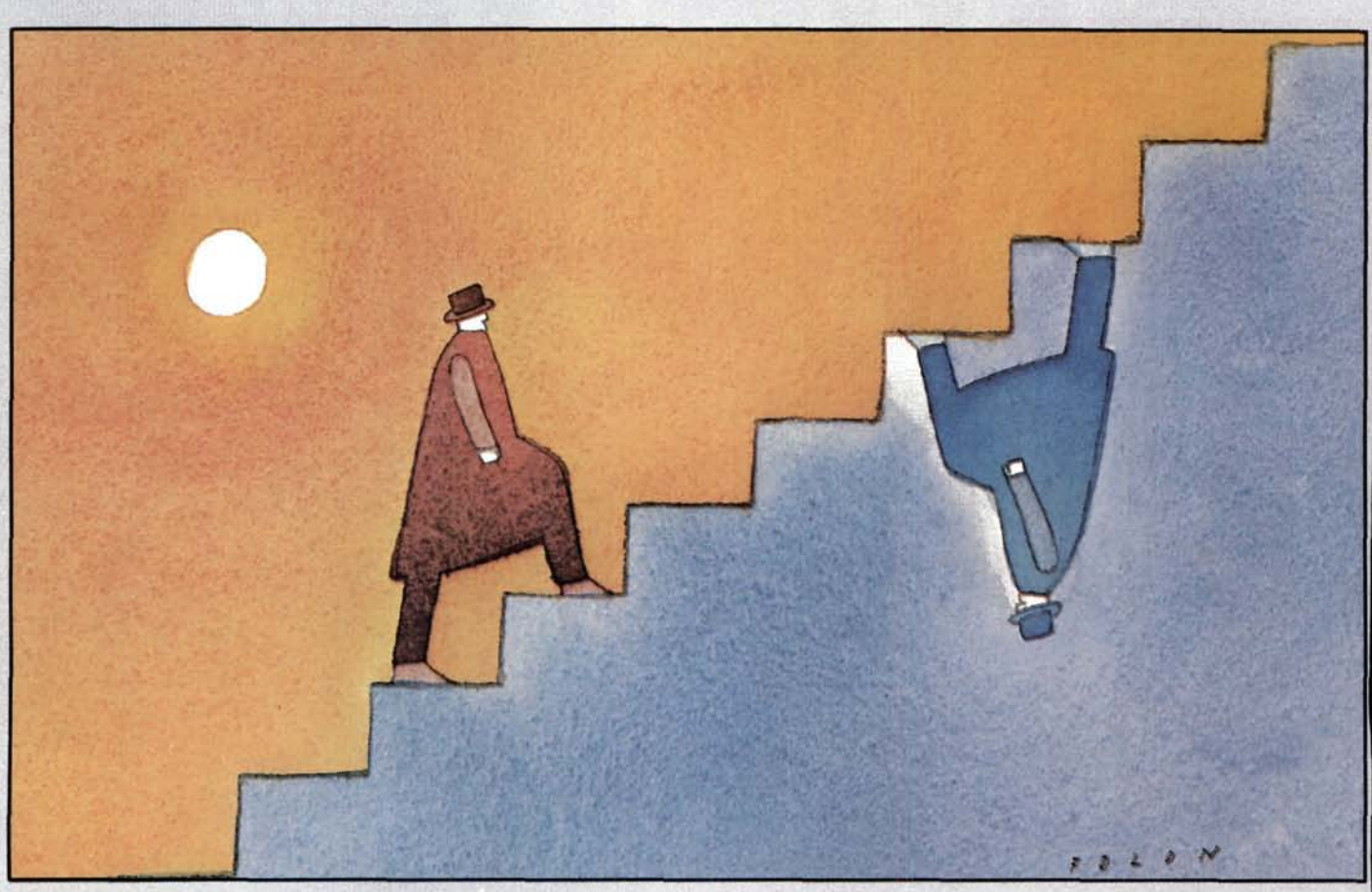
THE ELECTRICAL AGE
Rebirth or Retreat?



Over the years, America has become more and more electrified. But today a critical question is being asked: in the future, will the importance of electricity increase or diminish? The answer to this question is critical to our country's future.

Are we using less or more?

Since the oil embargo of 1973, Americans have cut back on virtually all non-electric forms of energy. The direct use of oil and natural gas has dropped, and even the direct burning of coal has declined.

At the same time, though, use of electric power has actually *risen* by over 20 percent. While this increase is considerably less than in earlier decades, it continues a definite trend. America is shifting away from direct fuels and toward electricity.

About 90 percent of all the new energy we have added since 1973 has been used to generate electric power. And while the country now has an adequate supply of electricity, the question is, will that supply continue to be adequate? The answer depends heavily on what happens to our economy.

As the economy begins to turn around, use of electricity will very likely increase. Every increase in our GNP has been accompanied by an increase in electricity demand. Even if the increase is small compared to previous decades, say 2 percent per year, that would still result in a 50 percent increase in the need for electricity over the next 20 years. To supply that amount, we would have to build the equivalent of around 300 large generating stations.

Some say a 2 percent per year increase is very conservative, but some say it is high. They feel that 1 percent may be more reasonable, based on recent history, current economic growth rates, and an interesting theory. The theory is that industry, the largest user of electricity, won't need as much electricity as it once did because America is turning from a high-energy industrial society to a low-energy informational society.

This theory is based on a number of assumptions that may be open to question. Can we assume that Americans are prepared to turn the majority of energy-intensive industries over to foreign competition? And can we assume that Americans will abandon their love for innovation and their desire for more comfortable, mobile, and productive lives?

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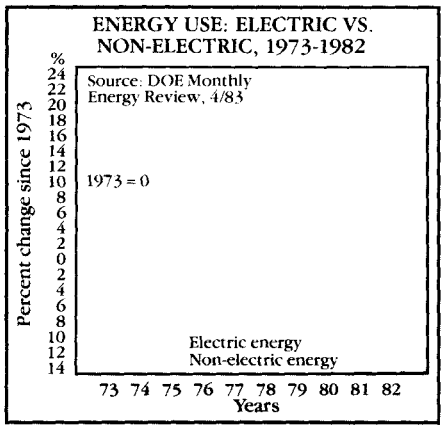
ENERGY USE: ELECTRIC VS. NON-ELECTRIC, 1973-1982
Source: DOE Monthly Energy Review, 4/83
1973 = 0
Electric energy
Non-electric energy
Percent change since 1973
%
24 22 20 18 16 14 12 10 8 6 4 2 0 2 4 6 8 10 12 14
73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82
Years

Although overall energy use has dropped over the past decade, the demand for electricity has increased over 20%. Electricity use has historically paralleled the nation's GNP; the recent drop in electricity use is largely due to the recession. Many observers believe that as the economy recovers, demand for electricity will continue its upward trend.

Is the electrified future coming?

The forecasts of the 50's underestimated the amount of electricity needed to operate television in the 80's by 75 percent because of unforeseen innovation and behavior.

Though transistors use less electricity, the introduction of color, plus the use of multiple sets in the home and greatly increased viewing time, more than made up the difference.

Central heating and air conditioning, once considered luxuries, are now perceived necessities. Fifty percent of all new housing in America is electrically heated. Climate-controlled domed sports stadiums and shopping malls that once were found only in the humid South are rising all over the country.

Homes are becoming electronic centers as new entertainment and personal computer products flourish. But it is the rise in popularity of electricity as the cleanest method of home heating that could have the greatest effect on residential electricity demand in the years ahead.

People-moving is becoming more and more electrified. Electrified "bullet" trains between large cities are already in use in France, Germany, and Japan. San Diego has begun planning for one already and Texas and Florida are also looking into electrical people-movers.

New industrial electrical applications are coming on line in steel melting and other metal production industries, materials-cutting, glass-making, finishes, computer control, the manufacture of paper, textiles, and chemicals, and in robotics and lasers.

Home computers, video games, tapes, disks and cassettes are turning living rooms into electrified home entertainment centers.

Even farming is becoming more electrified with climate-controlled stock raising, pump-powered irrigation and increased electrical use in processing and storing farm products.

Electrified "bullet" trains, like this one in Japan, will greatly speed trips between U.S. cities. One is planned to run between Los Angeles and San Diego by the end of this decade. Cruising at up to 160 miles per hour, it would cut commuting time in half for its estimated 100,000 passengers per day.

America *is* becoming more and more electrified. As it does, a reliable supply of electricity will be even more important than it is now. And in a world where energy sources are becoming harder and harder to come by, which ones can we rely upon to generate the amount of electricity we'll need?

Sources we can count on today

While a temporary glut has taken the price down, oil is still neither an economical nor a secure source for making electricity. Most experts agree oil will become more and more expensive in the future. We've already seen how unpredictable the supply of foreign oil can be.

Natural gas is another depletable, finite energy source, and although recent estimates indicate that more may exist than was previously thought, it is uncertain at what cost it would be recoverable. Both oil and natural gas are also valuable for uses other than burning in power plants.

Virtually all hydroelectric sites have been developed, and electricity from solar is yet to be made practical and affordable for broad-scale application.

Coal and nuclear electricity are our best options. The U.S. contains enough coal to last hundreds of years. But coal can't do the job alone.

Coal's partner is nuclear power, which is close to becoming second only to coal in generating electricity for the U.S. While concerns and fears exist about nuclear plant operations and waste management, positive strides have been and are continuing to be made. The industry has displayed initiative in overcoming and preventing problems during its 26 years of plant operations. A supportive Administration and positive legislation, such as the 1982 Nuclear Waste Policy Act, are also helping to ensure that nuclear energy can continue to provide the electricity America needs.

Along with coal and nuclear electricity, conservation will also play a vital part. Conservation not only in the way we use energy, but also in the way we build and design and create the things that will need energy to keep them going.

America *is* turning around. The economy *is* recovering. The future holds immense promise. Tomorrow *can* be as bright as it seems if we use today's energy wisely.

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CORRESPONDENCE

ORANGE RUSE

To the editors:

C.D.B. Bryan's review ("The Veterans Ordeal," TNR, June 27) contains the remarkable statement: "No one really knows the effect of dioxin on human beings." This is simply untrue. The Dow Chemical Company, which produced 2,4,5-T, a herbicide contained in Agent Orange, and the Environmental Protection Agency have known since at least 1980 of the harmful effect of dioxin in humans. According to Representative Tom Daschle of South Dakota, a study conducted in 1978 by Dr. A. Milford Ward of the Royal Hallanshire Hospital in Sheffield, England, and provided by Dow to the E.P.A. on November 14, 1980, showed that exposure to dioxin can damage the human body's natural immune system, making the exposed person vulnerable to a large number of diseases.

Testing on animals is finally being recognized as inappropriate and irrelevant to human physiology. Instead of the environmental movement, which continues to employ statistics derived from rat and mice experiments as evidence of toxicity, it is the industries themselves which have, in a defensive ploy, chosen to expose the inadequacy of animal systems as medical models for humans. In 1979 the American Medical Association even admitted in its annual report that "80 percent of all animal experiments bear no significant relevance to humans." However, it is worth noting that had animal testing proven Agent Orange harmless, Dow and the E.P.A. would now be citing such "scientific evidence" to support their continued refusal to respond to the tragedy.

MARTIN L. GORDA
Davis, California

To the editors:

C.D.B. Bryan's review article on Agent Orange was highly misleading. Mr. Bryan criticized the author of the book, Fred Wilcox, for not apparently having interviewed any representatives from the chemical companies or the Veterans Administration, but he himself did little to make up for that deficiency. They could have told him a great deal about Agent Orange and dioxin that would have better enabled THE NEW REPUBLIC to inform its readers.

Mr. Bryan asks why the V.A. is behaving the way it is, meaning, why are they resisting the claims of those Vietnam veterans who claim to be suffering from all manner of ailments as a result of alleged exposure to Agent Orange? It is unfortunate that Mr. Bryan did not provide the obvious answer to his question. There is no scientific evidence to support the claims of injury from Agent Orange exposure that are told with such emotion by Fred Wilcox and others. Until that evidence can be produced, it would be irresponsible for the V.A. to commit the government to paying out hundreds of millions in taxpayer funds to any veteran who came in with an ailment which he attributed to Agent Orange exposure.

Consider just a few facts. The veterans who had far and away the greatest exposure to Agent Orange in Vietnam were the men who sprayed it, those in Operation Ranch Hand. Colonel Charlie Hubbs, who headed that operation, says that his men received twenty to one thousand times the exposure to the chemical as anyone on the ground. They were literally drenched with the stuff, since they flew in close formation, with open windows, wearing only T-shirts.

If anyone should be suffering from the alleged terrible effects of Agent Orange, it should be Charlie Hubbs and his men. The Air Force is doing a thorough study of them. The results to date reveal that their mortality rate is below average for men their age. Compared with a control group of Vietnam veterans never exposed to Agent Orange, they have the same mortality rate, reflecting the fact that both groups are above average in health. For those who have died, the causes of death reflect no unusual patterns, except that the Ranch Hand group actually has experienced fewer deaths from cancer than the control group.

How do you accurately identify the men who were actually exposed to Agent Orange, and how do you measure the dose? No one has yet been able to find the answer to these questions. The notion that our men were drenched with the stuff is not correct. The chemical was sprayed over jungle that har-

continued on page 40

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4 **CORRESPONDENCE** ..... On Agent Orange's hazards and Gandhi's legacy.

6 **TRB FROM WASHINGTON** ..... COMMISSIONARIES

7 **THE EDITORS** ..... STICKS AND STICKING POINTS
The most important test of Mr. Reagan's Central America policy will be his willingness to negotiate.

FOOLISH INCONSISTENCY
The Administration is always against protectionism, except for the exceptions. The result is incoherence.

MAN OF PARTS
Mr. Weinberger's profligacy won't awe the Russians.

NOTEBOOK

11 **ROBERT K. GORDON** ..... CASUALTIES OF HISTORY
Why justice is elusive for the Japanese-Americans.

14 **LUCY KOMISAR** ..... THE CASE OF HONDURAS
Politically—despite its poverty—Honduras compares quite favorably with El Salvador and Guatemala. But militarization is imperiling its rickety democracy.

19 **DAVID PRYCE-JONES** ..... REQUIEM FOR ARAFAT
In June six Syrian cops picked up Yasir Arafat and stuck him on a flight to Tunis. Thus ended sixteen years of military fantasy. It may also have been the end of a career that helped destroy a national cause.

24 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ..... ON FILMS: ONE CHARACTER IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR
In *Zelig*, Woody Allen plays a chameleon, changing identities to match his companions. A fascinating premise—superbly depicted, imperfectly developed.

26 **ROBERT BRUSTEIN** ..... ON THEATER: THE PROMISE OF PERMANENT COMPANIES
Applause for a new Arts Endowment program that aims to encourage permanent ensembles.

27 **ALISTAIR HORNE** ..... BEHIND THE LINES
French and Germans, Germans and French: A Personal Interpretation of France under Two Occupations, 1914-1918/1940-1944
by Richard Cobb

28 **RACHEL HADAS** ..... POEM *Little By Little*

30 **JUSTIN KAPLAN** ..... THE KING OF COMEDY
Harold Lloyd: The Man on the Clock by Tom Dardis

32 **GLENN TINDER** ..... THE HOUSE THAT KANT BUILT
Kant's Life and Thought by Ernst Cassirer
Lectures on Kant's Political Philosophy
by Hannah Arendt

34 **MAGGIE SCARF** ..... THE GENDER GULF
Intimate Strangers: Men and Women Together
by Lillian B. Rubin

37 **DAVID LEVIN** ..... RECONSIDERATION: ROMANTIC HISTORIAN
Francis Parkman's great work brought two violent centuries of pre-revolutionary America to life.

43 **THAILAND DIARIST** ..... ANOMALIES

COVER by Donald Gates for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Article on page 19.

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FROM WASHINGTON

COMMISSIONARIES

Sometimes it seems as though the experts in this city aren't experts at all, but only people with imperfect memories like all the rest of us. The case in point, at the moment, is the appointment of Henry Kissinger to head a commission to study United States policy in Central America.

The appointment has been attacked from all quarters, at least from the articulate right and left. For Kissinger himself, there seems to be solid support only from what is called, with either reverence or scorn (where you stand, here as elsewhere, depends on where you sit), the Foreign Policy Establishment, and those folks don't generally rush into print or onto the talk shows.

So the field, up until now, has been left to those with memories of earlier Presidential commissions, and each seizes on the model best remembered in order to predict failure for Dr. Kissinger. Presidents, it is said, select commissions to support what they are doing—or would like to be doing. We have an extraordinary situation. Liberal columnists are predicting that the Kissinger findings will be (as in Vietnam) a sellout to the hawks and a blueprint for an implacable, hard-line, unsophisticated (albeit devious) confrontation with the Soviet Union. Meanwhile, often on the same Op-Ed page, conservative columnists are predicting that the Kissinger findings will be (as in Vietnam) a sellout to the doves and an implacable, soft-line, sophisticated (albeit devious) détente with the Soviet Union. On the same evidence, too.

It is true that most commissions, in recent memory, had pretty much of the report written when it convened. Lyndon Johnson brought together supporters of the Vietnam War from time to time to tell him the elections in South Vietnam were going to be fair, or had been fair, or some other reassuring message (in some parts of the press corps, these were called "Yes-Finding Commissions"), but even L.B.J. couldn't control all of the commissions all of the time. He convened a group of "Wise Men" headed by Dean Acheson and supported by his Secretary of Defense, Clark Clifford, and they were wise enough to tell him he'd lost the support of the country and that the war couldn't be won anyway.

There were other Johnson commissions, mostly on domestic issues (the Kerner Report remains a landmark), and no one was surprised by their recommendations, which could be summed up as "You're absolutely right, chief." Nixon occasionally got some people together to tell him marijuana was bad and pornography worse, and Carter convened, *seriatim*, a pantheon of the Establishment to confirm his judgment (actually, Patrick Caddell's) about the existence of a national "malaise."

The background against which the Kissinger commission comes along is indeed ominous. In the weeks when the idea was being mulled, and in the short time since, large-scale maneuvers have been announced, prompting Representative Michael Barnes to suggest that the War Powers Act ought to be invoked. And two reports, read together, have a certain Southeast Asian resonance. The first is a sober one to the effect that one year of a U.S.-financed insurgency by the *contras* in Nicaragua has been an almost total failure. The other is a request from the Pentagon to double the number of advisers in El Salvador and to seek permission to send them out with combat units.

It is easy, in these circumstances, to see Vietnam parallels and to assume that Mr. Reagan merely wants a high-level concurrence with his policy. But this President is no Washington veteran. He not only doesn't play the old games, he doesn't even know the rules. That has given him some notable victories, and it may give him one more—in Central American policy.

President Reagan has used commissions, so far, not to reinforce existing

continued on page 40

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
AUGUST 15 & 22, 1983

STICKS AND STICKING POINTS

There is movement in Central America. American ships and troops are moving south; the Sandinista government is moving toward negotiations; Fidel Castro has been moved to declare Cuba's support for "negotiable solutions based on the principles of nonintervention, self-determination . . . and the free and authentic expression of the popular will"; and the U.S. Congress is moving to a showdown vote to cut off aid to antigovernment guerrillas in Nicaragua. These movements are related.

There can be little doubt about the source of Nicaraguan and Cuban interest in multilateral negotiations on regional problems (as opposed to bilateral talks with Honduras that would have ignored El Salvador). That interest reflects concern with a military threat from perhaps ten thousand contras in the north of Nicaragua, a much weaker but ideologically more challenging force in the south, and, now, American warships offshore and combat-ready troops in neighboring Honduras. It is as unclear to them as it is to everyone else how far the Reagan Administration is willing to go in opposing Sandinista rule in Nicaragua. What is clear is that Sandinista support for Salvadoran guerrillas, repression of the democratic elements of their own revolution, and choice of Cuba and the Soviet Union as patrons has now jeopardized not only their dream of "revolution-without-frontiers" but domestic Sandinism itself. The big stick has reminded Daniel Ortega and his comrades what soft talk from Felipe Gonzáles and assorted Western friends did not (and what in their revolutionary hubris they had overlooked for the last four years): the realities of geography. There are rules to the postwar world, and the most fundamental one is that neither superpower tampers with a recognized client of the other. Cuba achieved recognition as "theirs" in 1962 with the Cuban missile crisis. Nicaragua has not. The Sandinista revolution, for all of its pro-Soviet rhetoric and posturing, is not something the Soviet Union will go to war to save. The American military box around Nicaragua is a way of reminding its leaders that they will have to make some concession to the stability of the region, the sensibilities of their own democratic opposition, and the strategic fears of the United States if they are to survive.

Military pressure presents the United States with the opportunity to engage Nicaragua in negotiations on these matters. That's the good news. The bad news is that this legitimate goal may not be the reason the Reagan Administration is upping the ante in Central America.

The question is: does this Administration have an interest in negotiations in the first place? That question is what moves Congress as it now debates whether to cut off aid to the contras waging their "secret war" against the Sandinista government. Those who oppose such aid, and other American military maneuvers against Nicaragua, are themselves divided. One group is opposed in principle, for reasons of international morality, to the exercise of military pressure against the Nicaraguan government. Another group would in principle support measures against the Nicaraguan government if, and only if, the Administration seeks an achievable political settlement through good-faith negotiations. This camp opposes the Administration's policy because it fundamentally distrusts the Administration's motives. On paper the Administration supports the Contadora group; they wonder what that paper is worth. They suspect that the Administration really wants what the President in an interview last month hinted he'd like to see: the overthrow of the Sandinistas. (He said that he doubted that peace could come to the area so long as Nicaragua was ruled by the current junta.)

We have little sympathy for the position of the first group, since we do not categorically reject shows of American force, particularly in confronting regimes not disinclined to use force to further aims of their own. We do have sympathy, however, with the second group of oppositionists, because we share its doubts about the Administration's objectives.

At this point everyone from Ronald Reagan to Fidel Castro has gone on record in support of the Contadora program, which includes a commitment to nonaggression, a freeze on new arms shipments to and among the Central American countries, talks to control and reduce

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arms, a prohibition on the installation of foreign military bases, advance warning of troop movements to border areas, and the creation of joint or international mechanisms to prevent and resolve border incidents. The Nicaraguan government issued a similar program on the fourth anniversary of the Sandinista revolution, which would have included the cessation of all foreign arms supplies to El Salvador and the withdrawal of all foreign military advisers from the countries in the area. The question Congress is asking, and the question that has dogged Presidential envoy Richard Stone in his travels to Central American capitals, is whether the Administration will seriously respond to these overtures, or whether it will give them lip service only, and pursue a policy designed instead to bring down the Sandinistas.

As of now, the jury is still out. Clearly the build-up of American military power in Honduras and in the waters off Nicaragua can be interpreted in two ways. So, too, can the formation of a Presidential commission, under the chairmanship of Henry A. Kissinger, to develop a long-range policy for Central America. Will the commission be a carefully crafted screen behind which worried legislators can hide for seven or eight months, while the Administration proceeds with its military build-up in the area? Or will it be a genuine attempt to avoid the divisions of Vietnam and present the country with a policy that will be able to earn the support of a majority?

This is the third time Mr. Reagan has had recourse to the commission device when faced with a potential impasse in Congress. Each of his commissions has had to deal with a more complex problem, and each has been a little less "bipartisan" than the one before. In the case of the Social Security Commission, which had members appointed by the Speaker of the House as well as by the President, a commission-designed compromise was by itself enough to solve the problem: one deal, and it was done. The Scowcroft Commission included members who had dissented from Mr. Reagan's general approach to arms control (if not from his support of the MX), and it will be months, perhaps years, before we know if its bargain will stick. The membership of the Kissinger Commission is comparatively homogeneous in its past support of the Administration's line; and the problem it will study, being outside the United States, does not lend itself to automatic solution by American policy, even an American policy with the unanimous support of the American people.

In appointing Mr. Kissinger (as effortlessly as the Chinese rehabilitated Deng Xiao Ping), Mr. Reagan has tacitly admitted that something is wrong with the way his Central America policy has unfolded so far. He may expect a simple endorsement from Mr. Kissinger, but he will not necessarily get one. We doubt that Mr. Kissinger's views on Central America are so predictable as Jesse Helms or Seymour Hersh might imagine. Nor should one suppose that Mr. Kissinger learned nothing from the Vietnam War. Still, the commission is less broadly based than we would prefer; if even someone as normally cautious Senator Robert Byrd has felt free to attack it as unbalanced, then it is too narrow. We are partly (but only partly) reassured by the presence of Lane Kirkland, who is not known for following the dictates of Presidents, particularly Republican Presidents. In the end, though, it will be up to Mr. Reagan, not Mr. Kissinger, to find a policy that can command public support.

There is a simple and clear way in which the President can help the jury judge his intentions—and before February 1984, when the Kissinger Commission is to report. He can tell us. He can declare his willingness to enter immediately into negotiations with Nicaragua. Clearly the opening American bargaining position will be more demanding than what Daniel Ortega has offered. We would want to include the promotion of pluralism within Nicaragua, "power-sharing" (that desideratum of critics of the Administration's El Salvador policy) with democratic Sandinista elements who have been driven out, a cutoff of all support to the guerrillas in El Salvador, and, most important for the United States, a commitment to genuine nonalignment and the removal of foreign advisers from Nicaraguan soil.

These are legitimate American—and legitimate democratic—objectives. If it takes the American fleet to bring these objectives closer to reality, then so be it. That seems to us a proper use of American power. If, however, the Administration has really no intention of negotiating with Nicaragua, but is preparing for a general Central American war, which will inevitably involve American boys, then we have a right to know now. In that case we would be forced to join the opposition to the Administration, and oppose all U.S. military activities in the area, as the lesser of two evils.

When a government takes steps as decisive and potentially dangerous as those taken by President Reagan, the country deserves to be informed of the ultimate direction of that policy. If for negotiations, genuine and sincere, the Administration will gain support from much of the democratic center. If for military victory, then we join with others in saying no.

FOOLISH INCONSISTENCY

The Soviet Union has long had an official ideologist—for years Mikhail Suslov held the job—to keep track of the shifting party line. Perhaps the time has come for the Reagan Administration's economic team to find a Suslov. To the uninitiated, inconsistencies abound. The White House boasts jubilantly that strong consumer demand is fueling a recovery—and nobody is impolite enough to inquire after the supply side. It has been dispatched to the dustbin of history. So has monetarism. Most stunningly, barely a month after American diplomats at Williamsburg convinced the Europeans to pledge allegiance to free trade, the Administration has slapped both tariffs and quotas on European steel imports.

Nowhere is the Administration's ideological consisten-

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cy so messy as in the field of trade. In much the same way that the Soviets revere the labor theory of value, the Administration would like to believe that David Ricardo and comparative advantage are alive and well. Yet most advanced nations defy our notion of free trade and do quite well for themselves. They subsidize, target, and protect infant industries, and negotiate market shares. Where we see protection, they see industrial policy. When this results in a superior product at a lower price, the free-market dogma dictates that we Americans should go ahead and buy the product—never mind that the product was produced by something other than the free market, and that our own industries are obliterated in the process.

TO OBSERVE the Administration as it tries to reconcile dogma with reality is like watching a drunk dodge imaginary taxis and stumble into real ones. The Reagan people are determined that nothing must interfere with the workings of the market. Ordinarily, therefore, when steelmakers, semiconductor manufacturers, machine tool designers, optical fiber producers, and the rest come screaming that their industries are being ruined by Japanese targeting practices, the Reagan White House commends to them the bracing discipline of the free market. Every so often, however, a case comes up in which the damage to a politically important industry is too palpable. Then it's dogma be damned.

In the steel case, the White House moved to slap on tariffs and quotas based on a finding that imports were damaging American producers. Under the present trade regime, it isn't even necessary to prove that foreign suppliers are dumping or subsidizing their products; the test is whether American producers have been damaged. By that test, one could arguably justify quotas or tariffs for almost anything. The problem is that the Reagan Administration has no consistent criteria that indicate when it should protect, and to what end. As a result, Mr. Reagan's occasional recourse to outright protectionism has a capricious, ad hoc quality that baffles and annoys our trading partners but does little for the long-term health of the protected American industry.

In this ideological twilight zone, all sorts of bizarre anomalies may be encountered. Houdaille Industries, Inc., an American maker of state-of-the-art computer-controlled machine tools, presented a good case that the Japanese were heavily subsidizing the development of their own machine tool industry and flooding American markets. Nevertheless, the Administration decided that a trade skirmish in machine tools was too risky, that the American industry was due for a shake out, and that the market should work its will. But in the case of heavy motorcycles, surely a far less strategic industry, the Administration took the opposite view. It gave the Harley-Davidson company a massive dose of protection, on the rather sentimental ground that this maker of some thirty thousand bikes a year was the last surviving American motorcycle manufacturer. Japanese heavy motorcycles must now bear heavy tariffs. The issue of whether the country really needs a motorcycle industry was never addressed. That would be planning.

Why bikers but not machine tool builders? Did the Administration find the thought of Honda-mounted cops chasing Kawasaki-riding Hell's Angels too painful to contemplate? No, apparently the White House offered protection to poor Harley-Davidson because the case presented a nice, pea-sized salvo to send across the Japanese bow. Nothing heavy enough to get Tokyo really ruffled, but a warning that we might get serious next time.

The Administration seems not to realize that the game has changed. Colonial access to the market of the mother country has long been a key element of imperial trading systems. In the glory days of the American *pax economica*, we offered our allies open entrée to the U.S. market as a major fringe benefit of our tutelage. It was in America's self-interest to let them protect, because a measure of protection accelerated European and Japanese recovery. In the decade after World War II, we resisted the temptation to dominate their home markets with made-in-America goods. Instead of exporting products, we exported capital. European Fords were made in Europe, thank you.

The world trading system is radically different today. American industry is no longer preeminent; American industries are increasingly vulnerable. But the Reagan Administration still proceeds as if our domestic economy were an infinite reservoir, access to which should be traded for other diplomatic objectives.

When Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone visited last January, the White House did not choose to get tough about trade reciprocity. Instead, Japanese rearmament took precedence over economic détente. Mr. Reagan was eager to trade away commercial objectives for military ones. The same view of the U.S. market as a negotiable diplomatic asset is evident in Mr. Reagan's Caribbean Basin Initiative. To tie Central America and the Caribbean more closely to America's apron strings, the initiative gives para-free entry to nearly all goods imported from the Basin. Unfortunately, the fine print specifies that only 25 percent of the content of such goods must originate in the Caribbean. U.S. manufacturers are looking forward to the initiative, not primarily to relocate plants in the Caribbean, but to trans-ship goods produced in the Orient. The effect on U.S. domestic industry and on domestic employment is not a concern; the market will cause everything to come around in the end.

There are, of course, evident limits to this brand of dollar diplomacy. The Chinese, to take another example, are very eager to develop their domestic textile industry by increasing their share of the U.S. market. American apparel manufacturers calculate their annual production by the thousand dozen. Chinese producers count by the *million* dozen, and one such order can wipe out an entire U.S. firm. In the apparel field, mainly out of deference to textile-state Senators Strom Thurmond and Jesse Helms, Mr. Reagan has blithely put ideology aside and extended protection to U.S. firms. The Chinese retaliated by declining to purchase U.S. wheat.

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This self-defeating inconsistency will end only when we stop backing into trade policy and begin with a more systematic assessment of the needs of the United States economy. It's time to stop swearing fealty to Ricardo (except when it is inconvenient), and to begin thinking about what the U.S. economy requires. How big a steel industry do we need? What kind? How large an export sector in agriculture is really prudent? We could easily get out of the textile business tomorrow; likewise machine tools; ditto motorcycles; and even, for that matter, autos. Should we?

Access to the U.S market can no longer be viewed as an infinite resource—a diplomatic six-gun that never needs reloading, like the ones Mr. Reagan used to pack in the movies. Nor (to shift the metaphor) is it helpful to swing wildly between protectionist binges and free-trade temperance lectures. The country seems destined to have an industrial policy of some sort. Such a policy must at least be coherent (never mind whether or not it's equitable) to be effective, not least in enabling the government to wield American economic power for diplomatic purposes. In lieu of a coherent policy, the Reagan Administration lately has floated the idea of a coherent bureaucracy—a Department of International Trade and Industry (DITI), plainly modeled on Japan's famous MITI. But there will be scant benefit in a brand new DITI if it ends up singing the same old ditty.

Man Of Parts

On July 10 Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger stoutly denied that there is any such thing as a "military-industrial complex." He told an interviewer from the *Los Angeles Times*, "Well, the military-industrial complex, in the sense in which Ike used it, I think, was a warning that forces would combine to perhaps get more of their share of the national resources than was required. . . . I have to say I can't see the slightest evidence of that. . . . I have not seen anything resembling industrial influence on or in the military." On July 18 Caspar Weinberger called a press conference to blame some recent Pentagon cost overruns on, well, the military-industrial complex.

Mr. Weinberger's clumsy pirouette was telling. Word had recently leaked of a Defense Inspector General's report which shows that defense contractors have been grossly inflating the prices of spare parts. Of the fifteen thousand spare parts it studied, the internal Pentagon audit discovered that since 1980 two-thirds had risen in cost by more than 50 percent and fully one-quarter had jumped by more than 500 percent. At the press conference Mr. Weinberger attributed these overruns to a lack of "cost consciousness" among purchasing officials and to "contracts that simply enable a contractor to set his own price."

With Congress about to consider military appropriations for 1984, the Defense Secretary apparently felt compelled to launch a preemptive strike at critics who might use the report to prove that the Pentagon's contractors care more about their own security than the nation's. He promised to root out waste, fraud, and abuse, adding that he was "not trying to hurt anybody." But of course he *should* be trying to hurt those responsible for the spare-parts mess. His department's own inspectors have turned up several cases where private companies did not hesitate to use their privileged positions as government contractors to hurt the taxpayer. To take just three examples: McDonnell Douglas charged $3.2 million for spare parts worth less than $700,000; the Sperry Corporation charged $80,000 for spare parts worth $4,000; and the Navy wound up spending $110 each on diodes worth four cents.

In a multibillion-dollar budget, these abuses may seem relatively insignificant. But the Pentagon's problem is greater than the sum of its spare parts. A recent flurry of reports has demonstrated that faulty procurement practices plague the Defense Department at all levels. The General Accounting Office, for instance, disclosed that the F-18 warplane program has not only quadrupled in cost since 1975 but has also failed the most basic of field tests—and the Navy still wants to buy $40 billion worth. An analyst on Mr. Weinberger's own staff, Franklin Spinney, was featured on the cover of *Time* magazine not long ago for his study detailing a litany of cost overruns and suggesting that the flaws are structural rather than incidental. The Grace Commission—a group of business executives studying efficiency in government at President Reagan's personal behest—reached similar conclusions. The panel studied twenty-five weapons systems under development whose costs rose from an initial estimate of $105 billion in 1976 to a current total of $340 billion. It found that the Pentagon could save nearly $30 billion a year through better management techniques.

Such profligacy would send any responsible manager reeling. But it seems only to send Caspar Weinberger into fits of pique about his critics. The Defense Secretary stayed resolutely mum on the G.A.O. report. He denounced Mr. Spinney's study as "historical" (a peculiar insult) and forbade him to pursue his research. And he reacted to the Grace Commission proposals by saying it would be "cruelly unfair for the American people to perceive that vast savings can be realized within a very short time."

At this point the American people might settle for something less than "vast" savings, such as a willingness to reform widely acknowledged management and procurement problems. What is "cruelly unfair" is that the Pentagon, headed by a paladin of commerce in a commercial Administration, refuses to abide by even the most basic business procedures. Mr. Weinberger has wide experience both inside government (as President Nixon's Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare) and outside government (in various corporate capacities). Naiveté is thus an inadequate explanation for his seeming obliviousness to the tricks of bureaucrats and businesses. His posturing suggests that he subscribes to what might be called the conspicuous consumption theory of Pentagon economics.

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The theory works like this. Under conventional marketing assumptions, the more a product costs the less attractive it becomes for buyers. At the Pentagon, the more a weapon costs the more attractive it becomes, whatever its practical value or strategic importance. There are two main reasons for this Veblen-like inversion. First, the proposed weapons purchases become materiel in bureaucratic battles—among the various branches of the armed services, among various factions within each service, or between the Pentagon and the rest of the Administration. In the absence of real war, the weapons function primarily not as strategic assets but as expensive badges of prestige. Owing to entrenched interests vying for superior status, the higher the price of a weapon the more fiercely squadrons of bureaucrats will fight to secure it.

The second aspect of the conspicuous consumption theory involves an awkward effort at psychological warfare. Quite apart from the utility of the weapons in combat, the more money the Pentagon spends on paper the more the Soviets will quiver. Never mind that the weapons could be procured and produced more cheaply: excessive costs might actually serve a significant purpose by inducing awe. This is related to the famous "bargaining-chip" school of reasoning which has thus far held the fort against opponents of the MX missile.

The problem with the first part of the theory is obvious. In these bureaucratic battles the shrapnel hits the fan—namely, the taxpayer. The problem with the second part is that the Soviets have access to public information and aren't likely to be awed by, say, the F-18 plane just because it carries a higher price tag on its tail. Mr. Weinberger set out to convince the American public of the need for a strong national defense; he has instead eroded confidence by failing to match huge federal outlays with coherent strategic rationales. Pentagon profligacy has apparently become a triumph of mind over matter: the Secretary doesn't mind because cost overruns don't matter. Until his attitude changes, America's approach to defense will mainly be determined not by strategy but by yet another unhealthy complex: status anxiety.

NOTEBOOK

□ PEOPLE WHO NEED PEOPLE: "They say he was elected head of the P.L.O. because he was a bachelor: if he got killed, they wouldn't have to spend a lot to support his family. He complains that for all his travels, he never has a chance to enjoy the places he visits. He always means to go for an early-morning swim but he can't fit it into his schedule. Curious and unexpected details about a man whose organization has slaughtered countless innocent people over the last decade. Which is exactly what makes the article on Yasser Arafat, in this week's issue of *People*, so interesting." (Advertisement for *People* magazine in *The New York Times*, July 27, 1983.)

□ TEN YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "The hurricane has not spent its force and a second or third Nixon talk on television or another White House 'fact sheet' will not dissipate it. The Vice President may be its next casualty. There is talk of Presidential impeachment on grounds that Mr. Nixon has failed to see that 'laws have been faithfully executed,' and that he himself has conspired to obstruct justice." (The Editors, "The Nixon Interregnum," August 18 & 15, 1973.)

Making amends to Japanese-Americans.

CASUALTIES OF HISTORY

WAR IS SELDOM a congenial time for civil liberties. When the siege mentality sets in, nations and leaders behave in ways that would be unthinkable in calmer times. During the Civil War President Lincoln summarily suspended the writ of habeas corpus and ignored Chief Justice Taney's ruling that the suspension was unconstitutional. During World War I, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes brushed aside the First Amendment claims of several antidraft pamphleteers who had been branded as criminals for expressing their views. And during World War II the Supreme Court, in a ruling it later had the good sense to reverse, made the extraordinary assertion that compelling children in public schools to salute the flag—even against the dictates of their religion—did not offend their rights of conscience.

But the ugliest product of wartime hysteria in this century may have been the forced evacuation of one hundred twenty thousand American citizens and resident aliens of Japanese origin from the West Coast in 1942 and their confinement in internment camps. That ordeal is the subject of *Personal Justice Denied*, the lengthy report recently issued by a congressionally chartered panel. The Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians, whose members include former Supreme Court Justice Arthur J. Goldberg and former chairman of the Commission on Civil Rights Arthur S. Flemming, branded the episode a "grave injustice" which was unwarranted by anything remotely resembling military necessity. "The broad historical causes which shaped these decisions," the commission found, "were race prejudice, war hysteria and a failure of political leadership."

All three branches of the federal government came away from the affair with sullied hands. Ten weeks after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed an executive order authorizing the military to exclude from designated areas whomever they thought necessary, to guard against "fifth column activity." The ethnic Japanese were soon ordered to leave the West Coast, first "voluntarily," and then, when they failed to leave on their own, under Army escort. Evacuees were assembled

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temporarily at racetracks and fairgrounds, and then shipped off to "relocation centers" in barren areas of the West, where most of them remained for two-and-a-half years. Congress put its stamp of approval on the exclusion by enacting criminal penalties for violating rules issued under President Roosevelt's executive order, and the Supreme Court got into the act by declaring the evacuation constitutionally permissible.

Among the main instigators of the government's policy were West Coast politicians who yielded to the public clamor and took up the cry against the "yellow peril." Agitating for the exclusion of the ethnic Japanese from the region was a way of scoring easy points with a public that had been hostile to the Japanese for more than forty years before Pearl Harbor. It entailed virtually no cost, because the U.S.-born citizen generation of Japanese was just approaching voting age in 1940. Supporters of evacuation in California included the governor, Culbert Olsen, the mayor of Los Angeles, Fletcher Bowron, and the state attorney general, Earl Warren. Later, as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Warren said: "I have since deeply regretted the removal order and my own testimony advocating it, because it was not in keeping with our American concept of freedom and the rights of citizens."

A FEW voices of reason in the government, notably Attorney General Francis Biddle and others in the Justice Department, did protest the War Department's plan. "A great many of the West Coast people distrust the Japanese, various special interests would welcome their removal from good farm land and the elimination of their competition. . . ," Biddle wrote in a memorandum sent to President Roosevelt on February 17, 1942. "My last advice from the War Department is that there is no evidence of imminent attack and from the F.B.I. that there is no evidence of planned sabotage." F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover, hardly known as a civil libertarian, told Biddle, "The necessity for mass evacuation is based primarily upon public and political pressure rather than on factual data." But in the end even Biddle was unwilling to approach the President and argue that the planned evacuation of the Japanese-Americans was unconstitutional, as long as the War Department deemed it a military necessity.

Even today a stubborn few persist in seeing no evil. John J. McCloy, then assistant secretary of war and one of the architects of the roundup, and now a New York lawyer, remarked not long ago that the mere suggestion that we ought to apologize to the Japanese-Americans sends him "up the wall." But the historical record is what should really send him up the wall. To this day, there is not a single documented case of sabotage or espionage by an ethnic Japanese in the United States. The simple fact is that the Nisei (the first generation of ethnic Japanese born in the United States) and the Issei (the immigrant generation) were presumed guilty by reason of racial affiliation.

Clearly, this country's treatment of Japanese-Americans during World War II was a moral outrage. But the issue raises a more troubling question: what, if anything, should be done now to make amends for an offense committed by the United States government forty-two years ago? The commission's principal response, released as a recommendation to Congress earlier this summer, has stirred up powerful emotions on all sides of the issue. The panel suggested that the government seek out every living evacuee—there are about sixty thousand—and pay each one $20,000 for loss of property and income. The total cost of the panel's recommendations would come to $1.5 billion. Congress has followed the commission's lead, and there are now bills to this effect in both Houses. The House version, introduced by Representative Mike Lowry, Democrat of Washington, would cost an additional $1 billion, because for every deceased or missing evacuee, $20,000 would go into a special fund. The Senate version, introduced by Senator Alan Cranston, has a similar provision but leaves the amount of the redress to "the appropriate congressional committees."

Individual financial redress has a certain commonsense appeal. Families in some areas were given no more than a few days' notice of the evacuation, and were forced to sell off farms, businesses, homes, and cars at distress-sale prices. As laborers in the internment camps, evacuees were paid a mere fraction of what they could have earned on the open market. It seems quite simple, then: since the government's unjust policies resulted in some very measurable costs to the Japanese, the victimizers—not the victims—ought to be the ones to pay. Unfortunately, the proposal for individual compensation is so weighed down by complications that it cannot survive scrutiny.

FROM A PURELY administrative standpoint, the redress proposal is crudely fashioned. Although $20,000 may accurately represent the *average* economic loss of an evacuee, it is unfair to bestow this amount across the board. If the payment is intended as financial compensation rather than for "pain and suffering," as the commission contends, is it reasonable to "compensate" equally a farmer who was ruined and an infant whose losses were entirely of the unquantifiable kind? Also, because $37 million—an admittedly inadequate amount—was paid out under the Japanese-American Evacuation Claims Act of 1948 to those who could prove their losses, some evacuees would be doubly compensated. Finally, the commission's restriction of payments to the living deprives some internees' progeny of what arguably is rightfully theirs.

But the more fundamental difficulties involve what might be called "the equity issue." Fairness requires not merely a satisfying outcome in an isolated case, but consistent treatment for groups or individuals who have been wronged in similar ways. Two groups should immediately come to mind: American Indians and blacks. If we compensate the Japanese-Americans for their losses, are we not then morally bound to hand the country back over to the Indians or bankrupt the treasury paying for what our ancestors stole? And are we to calculate the present-day value of slave labor and start mailing out checks? The case of the Japanese-Americans may seem distinguishable

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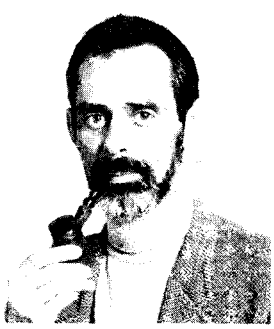

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We guarantee that you have never experienced anything like the Bartlett. It truly is the most exciting breakthrough in pipe smoking enjoyment in years.

It isn't easy to obtain a patent on something as universal as a pipe. The basic design has been around for years.

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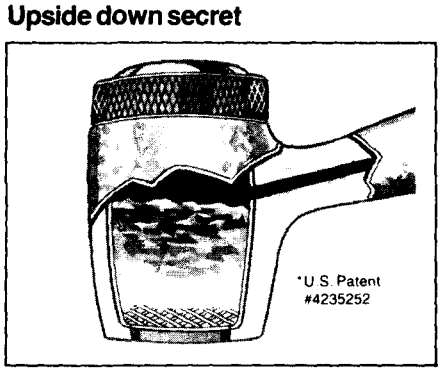
No stuffing or holes

Ironically, just about every pipe available today actually creates its own unpleasant sludge and bitter taste. It's not intentional. It's merely a matter of following old, established designs. In fact, vent holes and costly filters were devised just to combat the nasty effects. They do nothing to eliminate the cause.

Upside down secret



The Bartlett eliminates the cause entirely. It doesn't need holes along its stem or cotton wads. It simply isn't designed like pipes of the past.

To pack your Bartlett you must first unscrew its anodized aluminum airtight lid. Before lighting the pipe, replace the lid. The pipe is lit from the bottom. Recessed into the base of the bowl is a specially made heat resistant screen. This stainless steel trap permits the tobacco to burn naturally, but prevents the ashes from escaping. This unique feature alone, makes switching to the Bartlett worthwhile.

But, combined with its second innovation—relocating the breather hole towards the top of the bowl—puts the Bartlett light years ahead of every other pipe on the market.

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The fact that **Smoke Rises** is a natural phenomenon. Yet, all of those older pipes force you to draw the smoke down, back through the hot, burning embers. That's why the smoke you take in is unusually hot, moist, and accompanied by bits of bitter sludge. Even the most expensive older pipes must be rested to allow moisture to evaporate.

Not the Bartlett. There can never be any accumulation of moisture or sludge. There is no place for it to form. You are able to enjoy your Bartlett as often as you wish with never a change in smoking pleasure.

Since the tobacco in the Bartlett burns from the bottom up, the smoke is cooled and filtered as it rises through the fresh tobacco. It is captured in the air chamber beneath the lid, just where the breather hole is located.

All flames burn upwards. Think of a campfire or a fireplace. And flames which are allowed to burn upwards naturally do not produce moisture. There is no place for the moisture to form.

The result is a draw that is easy, clean, cool, dry... and just pure flavor.

Built-in-extras

While most smokers immediately recognize the weather proof advantages of the Bartlett's lid, there are added benefits that simply are not possible in those older pipes.

For example, the exclusive air chamber beneath the lid acts as an adjustable flavor control. By increasing or reducing the amount of tobacco used, you are able to alter the air chamber volume. The larger the chamber capacity, the lighter the smoke. In short, you can adjust your Bartlett for consistent smoking pleasure, every time you light up.

We are all familiar with today's top burning pipes and the frequency with which they extinguish prematurely. Again, this can't happen with the Bartlett. Between its natural burn and upward draft principles, you will find that each pipeful will last far longer. You will also discover how easy it is to add more tobacco to the bowl. There are no exposed embers to smother. Which brings us to still another unique advantage.

Have you ever accidently burned yourself trying to tamp down tobacco with your finger? Can't happen with a Bartlett because the heat is at the base. The surface level is cool. This incidently, is another way of illustrating that the smoke rising into the air-chamber is comfortably cooled.

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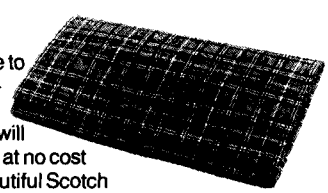

If you decide to test the phenomenal Bartlett, we will also include at no cost to you a beautiful Scotch Plaid Vinyl Roll-Up Pouch as our gift to you. If, after 30-days, you are not convinced that the Bartlett is the most enjoyable pipe you have ever smoked, you may return the pipe... the trial will have cost you nothing. The free gift pouch is yours to keep.

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from the others because the payments would be "manageable," but it is a strange principle that compensates small injustices and lets immense ones go unremedied. Would anyone argue that temporal proximity gives the Japanese internment priority? Some would reply that settling *older* scores should come first.

These extreme examples are introduced not to muddle the issue, nor to shrug off recent injustices by pointing to ancient ones, but to demonstrate the folly of viewing history as a big debit-credit sheet. The legalistic language of injury and compensation is a second tongue to most Americans. Thus it is not surprising that four decades after the fact, many still view the wrongs done to the Japanese as one hundred twenty thousand separate tort actions. It is fine for one generation to judge another by its own elevated standards, but putting a price tag on mistakes of the past establishes an unwieldy precedent. No amount of money can reverse the loss of liberty, the prolonged disruption of family life, or the personal stigma of suspected disloyalty, all of which continue to exact a psychological price from those who were interned. But as the commission noted, lasting economic scars were minimal: "Entrance and acceptance into the mainstream of American society through the conventional modes of success have been largely accomplished." One might also argue—and some Japanese-Americans have—that cash payments would trivialize the suffering of the evacuees and give the false impression that the score had been evened.

The commission had the right answers all along, but they were overshadowed by the proposal for individual compensation. To start with, the panel suggested that Congress pass a joint resolution, to be signed by the President, "which recognizes that a grave injustice was done and offers the apologies of the nation." The commission was also right to advise Congress to establish a special foundation to sponsor research on civil liberties issues, and to disseminate the commission's findings to textbook publishers, libraries, and educators. After all, ignorance and racism are what made it so easy for demagogues to play on popular fears about the Japanese-Americans in the first place. Distributing large sums of money would do nothing to eradicate these evils, but public education would.

ROBERT K. GORDON

A fragile democracy on the edge of a whirlwind.

THE CASE OF HONDURAS

BY LUCY KOMISAR

Tegucigalpa, Honduras

THIS IS A poor country—so poor it can't even afford an oligarchy. People get by any way they can. In the central square near my hotel, a ragged seven-year-old girl sells newspapers, snappily making change from the pocket in her apron. In the countryside, barefoot peasants run up to my bus to sell cakes and pineapples. Half the peasant families of Honduras have no land, and the peasants are 80 percent of the people. This is, in fact, the poorest country in Central America. It ought also to be the ripest for revolution. But it's not.

People on the left joke that Honduras is backward in everything—including political consciousness. The peasants, who vote for the traditional Liberal and National parties just as their grandfathers did, spend all their political energy trying to get the government to comply with an old land reform law. The government has always given just enough to defuse serious challenges. With a pro-government business class, no urban workers' movement to speak of, a fractionalized university, and an illiteracy rate of 70 percent, Honduras is a comparatively quiet place. But as the fighting in Nicaragua and El Salvador begins to seep throughout the region, there are signs that the relative peace here may be threatened.

A civilian government was installed last year, after elections for which the United States had strongly pressed. The military, discredited because of corruption and economic mismanagement, went along; but in many respects the transfer of power was more apparent than real. President Roberto Suazo Córdova—in the tradition of Honduran presidents, a man from a landowning family—is everywhere accompanied by the general of the armed forces, Gustavo Alvarez Martínez, and it is the general who makes decisions in the military and security area, which in a place like Honduras covers a lot of territory. Negotiations over a strike of factory workers in March were conducted among trade union leaders, the minister of labor, and the commander of an infantry brigade.

Like eighteenth-century Tories and Whigs, the National

Lucy Komisar reports frequently from Latin America.

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Party represents the landowners and the more conservative economic powers, while the Liberal Party speaks for the industrialists and bankers. The majority vote for the Liberals in the last election was largely a vote against the military, with which the National Party had become identified. After living under military government for most of the past two decades, voters wanted the army to go back to the barracks. They wound up with a president who praises General Alvarez as the savior of the nation. "The army historically was the instrument of the parties," Gautama Fonseca, an urbane lawyer and former minister of labor who now represents worker and peasant groups, told me. "Now it's reversed. The parties are the instrument of the army."

ALTHOUGH President Suazo's arrangement with General Alvarez gives the general control over "security matters," the president hasn't relinquished all power. For example, he named his friend Edgardo Paz Barnica foreign minister in the face of the general's strong opposition. And both Suazo and Alvarez must deal with a third element—the U.S. Ambassador, John Negroponte, whose *ex officio* nickname is the proconsul. When Paz Barnica wanted to make an agreement with Nicaragua by which Honduras would not support the anti-Sandinista guerrillas and Nicaragua would not put military pressure on the border, Alvarez and Negroponte vetoed it.

The new hard line of the current military leaders is a recent phenomenon. Punning on the Spanish words for "hard" and "soft," one liberal critic said most of the years of military rule had not been a "dictadura" (dictatorship) but a "dictablanda." In fact, the 1971 coup was supported by peasant organizations in return for the military's promises of land reform, and the subsequent 1974 land reform law was the most radical in Central America, setting limits on the amount of land individuals could own. But when that government fell, partly because of opposition from landowners, including the big banana companies, the land reform dried up like a crate of old peels. When peasants began to organize and occupy land, the military—which had begun to acquire its own land—got tougher in its response, and in one notorious incident a dozen peasant leaders were killed.

Political murder and repression in Honduras have never been on anything remotely like the scale of El Salvador, Guatemala, or Nicaragua. But this is not Minnesota, either. Dr. Ramon Custodio, a genial elderly pathologist who runs the independent Committee for the Defense of Human Rights from his small laboratory, regularly publishes reports on disappearances, killings, and arrests. His most recent accounting, presented in February to the United Nations Human Rights Commission, cited fifty-five disappearances in the nine months before the civilian government took over and thirty-eight disappearances or assassinations in the thirteen months following. The earlier victims were mostly Salvadorans; the more recent ones have generally been Honduran university students, teachers, trade unionists, or peasants.

There have been at least a dozen disappearances and killings this year, some of them widely believed to be the work of the D.N.I., the secret police. A lawyer named Ines Consuelo Murillo disappeared on March 13; she was a supporter of the Salvadoran guerrillas and the Sandinista government. On June 1 the D.N.I. admitted they had her, and transferred her to the criminal courts. Gregorio Amaya, the president of a peasants' union, was kidnapped from his home on March 29, the same night that at least three other union leaders were assassinated. In April Salvador Diaz Valle, a well-known economist, disappeared and was discovered dead; his body showed signs of torture. In May Efrain Duarte Salgado, a university economics professor, was lured out of his home with a phone call that said a friend had been in an accident. He was taken away by two men with machine guns and has not been seen since.

"All the dead people had been tortured," Custodio told me. A government official acknowledged, "There are some people who disappeared. Whatever happened to them, I don't know. There's no official oppression." The government refuses to talk with the Committee of Relatives of Disappeared Persons.

"People don't just disappear if they're nice guys," Miguel Facussé, a suave graduate of Notre Dame (class of '45) and president of a conglomerate that owns businesses throughout Central America, told me. "If someone disappears, there's a reason. He's your enemy." In recent times there have been kidnappings, and Facussé tucks a pistol into his belt when he goes out. But he does not think Honduras will go the way of its neighbors: there will be no large-scale, quasi-official terrorism against what in regional parlance are called "the popular organizations." Miguel Facussé confirmed something I had heard from a Church source: that a proposal for a Guatemala-style death squad had been quashed a few years ago. "We said stop," Facussé declared. "That guy's got a sister, a brother, a neighbor. That's going to hurt you more." Honduran businessmen have learned a lesson from El Salvador, Guatemala, and Nicaragua, he said: "We don't want to go live in Miami."

THE ALTERNATIVE that Facussé and other business leaders hit upon was to "promote democracy and social welfare." In 1981 he and General Alvarez quietly set up a new organization—called at first simply "the committee"—to discuss policies for the future government. It was later named APROH, the Association for the Progress of Honduras, and had its official opening meeting last January with great public fanfare. Alvarez was named as its president. Among its members are a hundred of the country's most important businessmen, including the head of the chamber of commerce, the co-owner of a television and radio network, and several powers in the Liberal and National parties. Each member pays dues of $6,000 a year, which is one reason not every businessman supports APROH. Some don't like being leaned on for contributions. Fernando Lardizabal, a lumber company owner who

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heads the Honduran Council of Private Enterprise, told me, "It's a political power instrument Alvarez wants to use when he gets through with the army and wants to go into politics." But Facussé demurs. "It was the army's idea, but APROH today is different from when it started. We got Alvarez because he's an influential guy."

The first testing ground for APROH was the national university, which is governed by a rector chosen by an electoral college of students and faculty, and which had been under the control of the left for a dozen years. It was a center of support for the Sandinistas and the Salvadoran guerrillas. Facussé and his colleagues put together a campaign chest of about $125,000 and picked a thirty-six-year-old former dean of the university's law school, Oswaldo Ramos Soto, to run for rector as the candidate of the conservative student federation. "We opened up the doors to the newspapers and radio and TV for these guys," Facussé explained. "It was like a political campaign."

The left was racked by divisions, corruption, and even drug dealing. Students had grown weary of the strikes and demonstrations that interfered with classes. But the old rector would have won had not the courts invalidated his election on a challenge by the conservative students. They wanted the vote held after the pharmacy and engineering schools held new delegate elections that were expected to go to the right. Judges in Honduras are not independent and can be replaced readily by the government; Ramos Soto became rector. When I saw him, he said to me enthusiastically, "We're going to give courses to the students to say what democracy is."

The next confrontation with the "popular" forces offered the students a dubious example. This time the target was the elementary school teachers' union, with the unwieldy acronym COLPROSUMAH. Juan Ambrosio Savio, its thirty-six-year-old leader, is a hard man to track down. He's not reachable by phone, and he has been changing his domicile regularly ever since the February morning when five bullets shattered the windows of his house. I found him in a shabby office—a chubby, baby-faced black man who looks far too young to be the head of the most militant anti-government organization in the country.

Savio, who is a vocal opponent of the Honduran government's cooperation with anti-Sandinista guerrillas and with the Salvadoran army, heads a union of twenty-five thousand teachers. The union went on strike for a month last year for higher pay. In response, an obedient congress passed an emergency decree giving the executive extraordinary powers over the teachers in "time of instability." The result was selective firings, transfers, and general salary cuts. Savio was reelected overwhelmingly in December. However, factional strife in a local union led to a dispute about the voting eligibility of some members. Though the disputed votes wouldn't have affected the national outcome, the government invalidated the election and recognized a rump group. With the endorsement of a compliant judge, police took the union headquarters and ousted the elected leaders. Savio and his board have challenged the action in the courts. He told me, "If the government doesn't allow us to return, we will continue working with the grass roots." But he added, "There is fear among teachers, a lot of fear." President Suazo has publicly accused Savio of being a Communist. Ironically, like most teachers, Savio voted for Suazo and the Liberal Party.

THE MOST curious element in this anti-leftist tapestry is the international organization of Sun Myung Moon, the Korean evangelist. Moon's emissary, Bo Hi Pak, a former South Korean colonel who runs the company that publishes *The Washington Times* and the *New York Tribune*, Moon's newspapers, arrived for the first time last November, his way smoothed by Herman Padgett, the Honduran consul in New York, and by a number of Honduran journalists and community leaders, including the new university rector, who had taken expense-paid trips to Korea, Acapulco, and San Juan under the auspices of the Moon organization. Pak was welcomed by President Suazo and General Alvarez. He made a big hit by promising to use his newspapers to defend Honduras against attacks in the international press. He told his Honduran listeners that they needed to arm themselves with philosophical arguments against Marxism-Leninism. To that end, he returned in January, accompanied by Padgett, and led a seminar on "atheistic materialism." It was sponsored by a Moon front group called CAUSA, which stands for Confederation of Associations for the Unity of the Societies of the Americas, with headquarters in New York. About three hundred people attended. Pak also met again with Suazo and Alvarez. Facussé said the Korean was so impressive that he invited him to address the first public meeting of APROH a week later. Pak proceeded to make a donation of $50,000 to the businessmen's group.

But the United States Embassy put a damper on the relationship by suggesting to the APROH leaders that fool-

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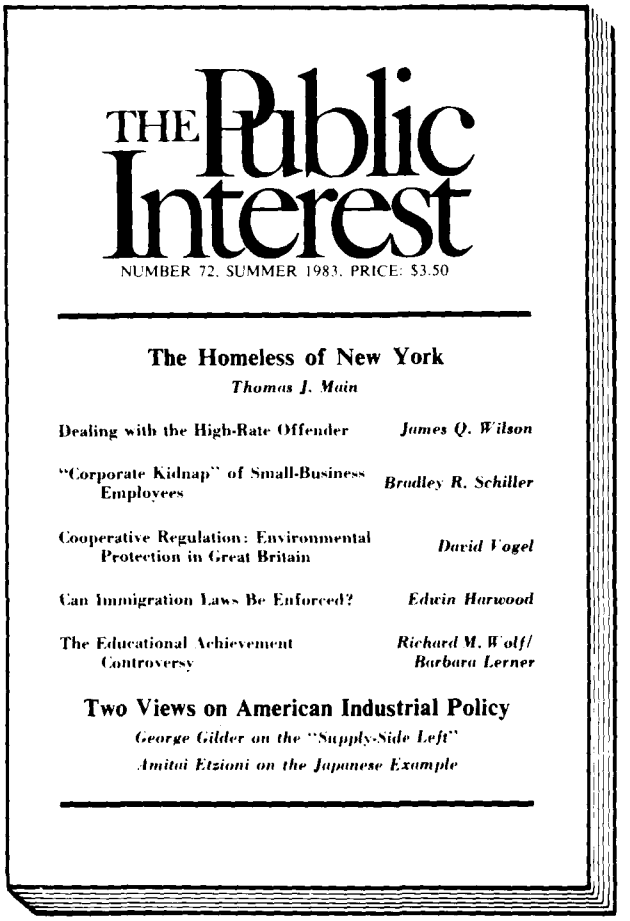
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ing around with the Moonies was not a good idea. The Catholic Church hierarchy also got worried, not only at the religious implications (Moon's followers regard him as the Messiah) but about the political impact. A high-ranking cleric told me, "We're afraid the entrance of CAUSA could create a repressive extreme right that doesn't exist in Honduras now." He said, "When terrorism began in 1980, many businessmen wanted to create an organization of the extreme right like the Guatemalan White Hand. Others who opposed it prevailed. We are afraid that under the pretext of anticommunism they may start such an organization." One of the bishops, I am told, got the message to the businessmen through their wives.

Facussé now says it was "a boner" to have Bo Hi Pak at the APROH meeting. However, CAUSA still counts such adherents as the university rector, Ramos Soto; the government foreign affairs spokesman, Amilcar Santamaría; and the labor leader Andrés Victor Artiles, who heads the union federation affiliated to the A.F.L.-C.I.O.-supported regional labor organization. Alvarez's relations with the Moonies are still close, if unsentimental. (When some businessmen recently expressed their concern over the Moon connection, Alvarez told them, "Money is money.")

FOR ALL the attention to these campaigns mounted by the right, the biggest bulwark against revolution has been the land reform program, which, as Facussé says, "has taken the steam out of the left." About a thousand of the most militant organized peasant groups got land from 1972 to 1975. Many of those groups are still pressing for more, and their activities tend to follow a certain pattern: they occupy a piece of land; the army comes in and moves them out; they come back the next day. They negotiate with the land reform institute, and, after months of occupations and protests, sometimes they get the land and sometimes they don't. In any case they do not translate their dissatisfaction into politics, much less armed revolt.

But a newly hardened government line toward the peasants is threatening to alter the pattern. Fifty members of two peasant unions involved in land occupations were jailed recently under an antiterrorist law approved last year. Efraín Díaz Arrivillaga, a slight man with a neat, clipped beard and prematurely gray hair who, as the only Christian Democratic member of congress, is the one-man legislative opposition, told me, "Land reform doesn't have the same importance for our government as before. I don't think the government is going to permit land occupations."

The attack on peasant organizations and other unions could backfire, according to Díaz. "When you start taking away people's right to organize, they tend to react in a different way," he said. "They're creating the conditions that radicalize people. They're not leaving political space." As if to show what is waiting in the wings, four clandestine communist factions have united; in Mexico last April, they proclaimed the opening of a "coordinated armed struggle." For the moment, though, they are leaders without many followers.

Clearly the Honduran solution compares very favorably to El Salvador or Guatemala. The country is much safer: fewer civilians have disappeared or been killed here during the past year than El Salvador counts as victims in a week. In contrast to Nicaragua there are elections here, and the last one was mostly honest. There is a relatively free press, although the only opposition paper, *Tiempo*, practices self-censorship and runs at a loss, because businessmen have been pressured not to advertise in it.

BUT the democratic forms are fragile, and Hondurans are timid about using them. Díaz has stood alone in trying to get the congress to talk about human rights violations and the U.S.-sponsored expansion of military airfields and installation of a radar system. Until recently, Díaz was also alone in pointing out that the Honduran constitution requires legislative approval for foreign troops to be stationed in Honduras. In June, however, Efraín Bu Girón, the president of the congress, who until then had stood solidly with Suazo and Alvarez, charged that Alvarez had violated the constitution when he reached an agreement with the Reagan Administration to establish a U.S. base here to train Salvadoran troops. Other members of the congress, taking courage from Bu Girón's example, then spoke out as well. This was the first crack in the alliance between Honduras's military and civilian rulers. Alvarez proved stronger than the civilians: the congress authorized the plan June 21, a week after one hundred Green Berets arrived in the Puerto Castilla area to join twenty U.S. advisers already there to set up the training base. This month the United States begins up to five months of joint maneuvers with Honduras that will involve as many as five thousand American ground and air troops—another boost to the militarization of the country.

Honduras today is at a crossroads. It could move to strengthen its incipient democracy and the land reform that has kept peasants inside the system. It could end the human rights violations and the attacks on independent organizations which, if continued, could convince some Hondurans there is no chance for peaceful, democratic change. So far, on balance, it seems as if the landholding, business, and military classes of Honduras have had a better answer than their equivalents in El Salvador and Guatemala. They have avoided the cycle of military domination, repression, and revolution that has trapped each of Honduras's neighbors. If men like Miguel Facussé mean what they say, now is the time to make General Alvarez listen. The United States also bears some responsibility. "There is one real problem for the advance of democracy in Honduras," said Elliott Abrams, Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights and Humanitarian Affairs, at a meeting with reporters sponsored by the Woodrow Wilson Center of the Smithsonian Institution in May. "The advance of democracy in Honduras means right now the increase of civilian power and decrease of military power." Unfortunately, just the opposite is happening.

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A fantasy of liberation that betrayed a people.

REQUIEM FOR ARAFAT

BY DAVID PRYCE-JONES

ON A WARM NIGHT late in June, six Syrian policemen picked up Yasir Arafat outside his office in Damascus, and put him on a flight to Tunis. So ended a chapter in the history of the Palestine Liberation Organization. Not much ceremony about it. The Syrian immigration authorities might have been showing the door to someone with the wrong papers. Reality has caught up with Yasir Arafat.

Simultaneously, the P.L.O. movements and convoys in the country had been restricted (even ambushed) by the Syrian Army. P.L.O. members, particularly the majority of those already under Syrian control in the Bekaa valley in Lebanon, were declaring themselves no longer loyal to Arafat, seizing depots and stores for themselves. "Colonels" who are veterans of committees rather than the front line, were emerging to displace Arafat. Not exactly a mutiny, this was more of a transfer of allegiance to the Syrians, their sole protectors, who are much more feared than loved. Only in Tripoli, on the coast north of Beirut, are there still P.L.O. men prepared to take orders from Arafat. But Arafat is no longer able to go there. Once on that flight to Tunis, he had been placed in Middle Eastern quarantine, where he will stay unless or until some Arab leader finds it opportune to release him.

BY DONALD GATES FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

He had a chance to lead a national movement. Palestinians are in need of peace and justice. A solution must be found that will allow them to live as a people, as they ought to, like everyone else. Someone must explain the case in the proper language, and Arafat might have been that man, with his undeniable flair for catching and holding public attention. Patient groundwork was required, the careful molding of a Palestinian identity and national consciousness, educating and setting an example, even taking Zionism as its model, unglamorous as that may be.

Responsibility for making the opposite choice rests with Arafat. There was no compelling reason for the P.L.O. to become an armed cohort rather than a civilian mass movement. Arafat did not hesitate, however. In 1967, in the aftermath of the Six Day War, which had wrecked the blockade of Israel by the Arab states, he stepped forward. Until that moment, he had been a clandestine agitator, but one with good family connections, always willing to ingratiate himself with the rich and powerful. In his enthusiasm for fighting to the last Palestinian, he seemed to offer an escape route out of the conventional military defeat. All he had to do, in practice, was to ensure that his fellow agitators packed a committee or two, and presto, here was an instant leader, Mr. Palestine, no less. On his initiative, Palestinian groups were all amalgamated into the P.L.O., regardless of their loose structures, their differing purposes and ideologies. Some were Moslem, others Christian. There were orthodox Marxists who favored the Soviet Union, and heterodox Marxists who believed that the Soviet Union was not truly communist. Genuine agreement among the factions was inconceivable. From

David Pryce-Jones is the author of *The Face of Defeat: Palestinians, Refugees, and Guerrillas* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston.)

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the outset, Arafat put himself in the position of having to say yes when he meant no, and always when he meant never, or vice versa, as the case might be.

Opportunism of this sort cast suspicion upon P.L.O. leadership in the eyes of those whom it was supposed to be representing. Suddenly Palestinians discovered that a war of national liberation was to be fought in their name. But their opinion had not been consulted, their capacities were not considered. People who had been struggling since 1948 to integrate themselves into their surroundings were now apparently expected to dedicate themselves to all-out warfare against their neighbors. Appealed to instead for the sake of peace, for a future negotiated with Israel, the Palestinians might well have responded and made of the P.L.O. an unstoppable movement. Had that happened, a Palestinian state on the West Bank might long since have come into existence. Today a majority would probably still follow a P.L.O. which reformed itself and became a social and political movement. The P.L.O. has never offered this alternative. Peace with compromise is not acceptable. There has to be a war of liberation, or nothing.

THE PALESTINIANS were capable of assessing the evidence before them. They could see for themselves that the P.L.O. under Arafat was taking other Arabs' money, with the built-in commitment to fight for other Arabs' ends. President Nasser of Egypt had laid the foundations of the P.L.O., in order to have a proxy attacking Israel at his convenience. Saudi Arabia and Kuwait soon became the P.L.O.'s most massive and constant backers, but both were more concerned to ensure that wherever Palestinians ended up, it was nowhere in the Gulf. Syria, Iraq, Algeria, and Libya have formed and financed their own factions within the P.L.O., in a savage little microcosm of the wider catastrophe of inter-Arab relations. Nor was it long before the Soviet Union responded to P.L.O. calls for help. It was one thing for Palestinians to make sacrifices for Palestine, but quite another to make sacrifices for Saudi Arabia, or for the "steadfastness front" led by Syria; and it was positively terrifying to be engaged in Soviet ambitions.

Obliged to pay lip service to the P.L.O. and its cause, many Palestinians in practice kept as much distance from it as possible. Soon they were terrorized on account of this caution, pushed into line by P.L.O. thugs, murdered if they dared to criticize or complain. But still they could see that young men willing to lay down their lives for what was supposed to be the cause of Palestine actually were dying for Egyptian or Syrian or Soviet foreign policy. They also could see what kinds of allies were attracted to the training camps: the Red Brigades and the Baader-Meinhof gang, the I.R.A., Turkish and Japanese fanatics, whose involvement dragged the cause of Palestine into evils and hatreds all over the world. With their claims of opposing imperialism or capitalism, assorted gunmen like these converted Palestine into a synonym for anti-Americanism and terrorism. Ordinary Palestinians were treated as mascots of the pro-Soviet left, patronized as fodder for the cause—in a word, dehumanized.

In 1967, moreover, Israel had occupied the West Bank and Gaza with a professionalism which few, if any, armies could match. Before a war of liberation could be successfully launched against this army, conditions of the utmost oppression would have to exist on the West Bank, driving the local inhabitants to general insurrection. For fifteen years now, the P.L.O. and its press, and every propaganda outlet of the Soviet Union, its satellites, and fellow-travelers, have been trying to depict such oppression, atrocities, and torture—all in the hope of arousing insurrection.

Actual injustices, while always deplorable, have often been individual in nature. Mayors or political personalities whom the Israelis judge too extreme have been expelled to Jordan (a parallel of Arafat's downfall in Damascus). Houses belonging to the families of convicted P.L.O. men have been dynamited, and suspects can be detained without trial under emergency regulations. None of this stems from centralized policies of persecution, and the Palestinians on the scene can judge what outside reports are worth. Quite properly, they are quick to resort to the law, sometimes successfully. They and their relatives in the Arab world can cross and recross the Jordan bridges, and the truth is known. Resistance has failed to emerge at any significant level among West Bankers, despite their knowledge that most Israelis don't even want the territories. The passing of time makes it more and more unlikely that the West Bank and Gaza will be returned to Arab hands. The main obstacle so far has been the P.L.O. insistence on fighting for the land without prospect of peace except on its own absolutist terms.

UNDER THESE circumstances, Arafat's policy of liberation was not a short cut to a state, but a fantasy. West of the river Jordan, Palestinians have been condemned to live under an occupation which could only become security-minded, and in the end, annexationist. Not only did Arafat help undo the Israel Labor Party and all who wanted compromise, but he played into the hands of Menachem Begin and those who prefer to incorporate the West Bank, come what may.

The P.L.O.'s fantasy of liberation has fallen hardest upon Palestinians living east of the river Jordan. Ordered to rally and mobilize, they were drummed helplessly toward gunfire. They were in no position to speak up for themselves. Nobody was prepared to describe on their behalf what a very real plight it was to be represented as an enthusiastic mass movement when they were nothing of the kind. Maximizing foreign subsidies and weaponry, Arafat and the P.L.O. leaders acted as though they had a power base.

The fantasy grew dangerous to those host countries that had allowed the P.L.O. room in which to maneuver. No regime could tolerate bands of armed men operating outside its laws. Accordingly, the P.L.O. was cut down, sometimes in blood, in Jordan, Lebanon, Egypt, even Lib-

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ya, and now in Syria. Tens of thousands of innocent Palestinians (and their neighbors), who never wished to be guerrillas or to join any military movement, have been killed by fellow Arabs. The war of liberation starts and finishes here, in the isolation and victimization of Palestinians in half a dozen Arab countries. Thanks to the P.L.O., Palestinians are now despised, hated, and buried without regret in those Arab countries to which they have in fact contributed much. And that is the real injustice befalling them.

THE ROAD to hell has been short and straight. A question remains: Did Arafat believe that a war of liberation could be successful? Once upon a time, perhaps. His hour was in the late '60s, when universities and cafés in the West were filled with fortunate young men and delicious girls repeating happily to each other that power comes from the barrel of a gun. Few were familiar with a single-shot breech-loader, let alone a 155mm howitzer. But it was blissful to be alive with Ché Guevara, Uncle Ho, and the Great Helmsman, Mao himself. Fantasies spread out from the safe and prosperous West, and were paid for not in universities and cafés, but in faraway refugee camps and battlefields, by simple people without privileges or freedoms to fall back on.

At least since the 1973 round of Arab-Israeli fighting, Arafat's monotonous insistence on armed liberation has been cynical. Invading Lebanon in 1976, the Syrians continued the breaking of the P.L.O. which had been begun by Jordan. Over many weeks the P.L.O.'s stronghold of Tel-Al-Zaatar was reduced and finally destroyed by Phalangists, while the Syrian army stood by. P.L.O. policy had come to institutionalize civil war rather than Palestinian interests. In one Arab state after another, the swing between promoting the P.L.O. and brutally policing it has been little short of schizophrenic. And then in the summer of 1982 Israel brought about the P.L.O.'s virtual disintegration. And the European and other terrorists have been sent home, no doubt still mouthing about imperialism and capitalism, but no longer sheltered in their dreams of murder.

Always tragic, slogans about liberation have become embarrassing. Even after the siege of Beirut, however, it might have been possible for the P.L.O. to pull victory from defeat, by declaring that military options were closed, and the political process about to open. King Hussein of Jordan called it a last chance. The Hussein-Arafat talks followed. Had they issued a joint statement that they were willing to go anywhere, even to Jerusalem, to put their case for territorial compromise, in all likelihood there would have been a breakthrough as irresistible as Sadat's. At the very least, the Begin government would have been obliged to incur the odium of refusing a peace offer. Who knows what the consequences would have been for Begin, or for Israel? But Arafat still said no when he meant yes. Or, rather, when his Western friends said he meant yes. Once again, Israel was lucky to be confronted by such opponents.

Arafat's doublethink was conditioned by anxiety to continue obtaining the backing of the Soviet Union and of Syria, both at present thwarted in their short-term aims. But words will no longer take the place of facts. The occasion for cutting the ground from under Israel's feet by offering a compromise has come and gone. Arafat failed to rise to it. Promising the usual war of liberation, he placed himself entirely at the mercy of Syria, which alone is in a position to fight Israel.

President Hafez Assad, a cool-headed and ruthless man, knows the value of Arafat's yes and no, knows exactly how the P.L.O. has turned and twisted in order to be as many things as possible to as many men as possible. And wider crisis now faces him. Syrian forces either must evacuate Lebanon, or consolidate there. To stay is also to maintain the Israeli presence in Lebanon, but inevitably to forgo the rewards of closer ties with the United States. From Assad's point of view, Lebanon might be partitioned, or left a sovereign state weak enough to be destabilized later. It is not clear which course of action puts Israel at greatest disadvantage. Whatever happens, Assad does not want a joker like the P.L.O. loose in the game—better discard it at once. The P.L.O. mutiny has been engineered for the purpose. That is how things are done there.

Abu Musa, the candidate among the mutineers preferred by the Syrians, may or may not succeed in taking over whatever is left of the P.L.O. Whether he is more extreme or more moderate than Arafat has no meaning; reporting on the Middle East is characterized by phony distinctions of the sort. Like Arafat, Abu Musa is first and foremost someone else's instrument. His war of liberation (already promised in newspaper interviews) will be dictated by Syria. Arafat, meanwhile, catches airplanes to Prague, Bucharest, Moscow, Riyadh, and any other capital where fantasy has a hearing. Which of the contenders for P.L.O. leadership is the more opportunist remains the one question that needs to be asked.

DEFENDERS of the P.L.O. can still be found to argue that if there had been no armed liberation movement, the Palestinians would have achieved nothing. Well, there has been an armed movement, and everything achieved by it has been lethal, suicidal. Many more victories like these and Palestinian leaders will be meeting in Fiji, as Issam Sartawi told the Palestinian National Congress in February, to be shot dead soon afterward for telling the truth.

Nor is it just the simple matter that the P.L.O. tackled too powerful an enemy, and lost. Profoundly, humanly, there can be no military solution to the Israel-Palestine type of territorial dispute. Military success on one side only aggravates grievance on the other, and the shadow of history lengthens and darkens accordingly. Someone among the Palestinians must say so, and carry his people with him. Until that day, they will stay in the living hell to which they have been consigned by the bloodstained liberationist fantasies of their leaders.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

One Character in Search of an Author

What a good idea for a film Woody Allen has in *Zelig*. His screenplay is something like a story that John Collier might have written after reading Melville's *The Confidence-Man*, followed by a dose of Borges. The mode is personal transformation; the theme is more than

Zelig
(Orion/Warner Bros.)

establishment of identity, it's proof of existence. And, since these matters are in Allen's hands, the tone is comic. In the late 1920s and early 1930s a mysterious man named Leonard Zelig becomes visible in such an inconsistent way that he's almost invisible. He keeps turning up in different guises with different names and actually in different physical forms. News photos and newsreels show this Zelig as (presumably) himself, as a black man when he is with blacks, as a Greek when he is in a restaurant, as a sparring partner with Jack Dempsey, as a WASPy companion of Herbert Hoover, and in many more "roles," including the ultimate transformation of the early 1930s which I won't, probably don't need to, describe.

Zelig assembles the "documentary" evidence on this metamorphosing man. Most of what we see is "old" film, carefully manufactured by Gordon Willis and colleagues much in the way that Gregg Toland and colleagues manufactured the newsreel shots of C. F. Kane. We also see clips of Zelig's sessions with his psychiatrist, Mia Farrow, because her cousin hides in a closet with film camera and sound equipment to record some of their conversations. This "past" material is supplemented by interviews with some present-day survivors who give us their impressions and memories. (Note: It's worth mentioning that the name Zelig seems a variant spelling of *Selig*, a German and Yiddish word that, as noun, means "the departed" and, as adjective, meaning "blessed," is spoken by religious Jews after the name of a deceased person as one might say "rest in peace.")

Also included are a number of interviews with well-known contemporaries of ours: Saul Bellow, Bruno Bettelheim, John Morton Blum, Bricktop, Irving Howe, Susan Sontag. The ostensible purposes of these interviews are (a) to buttress the "documentary" texture of the film, and (b) to parody the string of interviews in *Reds*. They accomplish the first aim more fully than the second. In *Reds* the speakers were discussing a real man. Here the interviewees discuss a fictional character as if he were real. This fact bends their comments back on themselves in good-natured self-parody. When Howe speaks seriously of a fictitious man as if he had been factually the epitome of the American Jew's wish to assimilate or when Bettelheim seriously describes the same figure as the "ultimate conformist," each speaker knows that he is displaying an intellectual characteristic of his own without real reference, thus is caricaturing a feature of his mind as David Levine might caricature a physical feature.

Further, Allen—need I say that he directed the film and plays Zelig?—has embroidered the picture with 1930-type songs about his hero and with dance crazes inspired by his legend. The finest touches of all are the clips from a 1935 Warner Brothers biopic about Zelig which has about as much to do with the "reality" we have seen as *Pride of the Yankees* had to do with the real Lou Gehrig. (We see a newsreel clip of Gehrig, in connection with Zelig, and I felt a pang again for my favorite baseball player of all.)

The skill with which the film is made is so clever as to approach brilliance. I ignore dozens of gifted artists and technicians when I single out Santo Loquasto for costume designs that combine accuracy with slyness. Allen, as director, shows a keen eye for the way people looked, and thought they looked, in the period: the way they glanced at cameras, posed themselves for photographs, or invented "business" for newsreels. Behind all this is not only a careful study of period materials, which many directors have done, but a sensitivity to cultural change. Allen, looking back from the present, perceives that this c. 1930 moment is a point of transition from the film camera as an ornament of civilization to a central component of consciousness. Compare people in 1930 newsreels with people in the newsclips on TV tonight.

In effect the star of *Zelig* is not the hero but the making of the film. It is dazzling. Allen, as actor, is not. But then he doesn't need to be: he has almost no acting to do. We see him in newsreel shots, wearing different costumes and makeups as Zelig's incarnations are traced, but virtually the only times that Allen really has to *act* Zelig are in the filmed discussions with the psychiatrist; and these are the weakest moments because Allen just gives us more of his customary hesitant, apologetic, nervously insistent performance. From Allen's view as actor, this film is a perfect protective device. It allows him to be on screen a great deal without doing much more than pose for pictures.

The concept of Zelig, the "chameleon man" who becomes like the person or

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persons he's with, is of course intended as satiric social commentary, not as an isolated comic gimmick. He can be seen as a hyperbolic extension of Arthur Miller's American-salesman dictum: it's not enough to be liked, a man must be well liked. In fact, responding to the psychiatrist's question about his reason for his multiple changes of personality and appearance, Zelig says, "I want to be liked." Or we can take him as a metaphor for our century's pressures on individuality, diabolically counterpointed by the growth of hype. As that much-mooted Common Man gets more and more mass produced, the exceptions to commonness get more and more publicized. Isherwood could at least be a camera. Zelig can only be a mirror; but if that's all he can be, at least he can reflect famous people.

IT'S A fascinating premise for a film, yet as Allen treats it, it's no more than a premise. Where's the film? He uses wit and insight to describe a character, to prepare him for engagement—and then he quits. He never *employs* Zelig: to any narrative, dramatic, or thematic point. After we begin to hunger for the story in which Zelig is going to be involved, all we get are some fast closing titles. (And the paradox is that, after attracting attention by his ability to be like other people because he feels he's nothing, Zelig sinks out of sight when he stops feeling that he's nothing.) Zelig is a scintillating idea, picked up and examined and shown to be full of promise, then put away.

Zelig confirms that Allen is the most valuable sadness in American films today. He's valuable because (as I've noted before) he's the only filmmaker in these constricted times who is given freedom, for work at a budget level where first-class technical quality is possible; and because in several ways he justifies that freedom. As director, he has grown immensely. As screenwriter, he has developed the wit that he showed before he entered films, and he pushes into areas opened both by his imagination and by his power in the film world.

The sadness is in the recurrent incompleteness of his work, in his willingness to settle for a good premise and a good launch. *Zelig* is a particularly painful example because it starts so well and runs along so well—until Allen runs out of steam and has to find an escape hatch, as he did in *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy*. Neither he nor anyone around him asks sufficiently rigorous questions of his scripts before he begins. (And then there are the apologists who come along later to tell us that failures such as *Interiors* and *Stardust Memories* have been mistakenly judged: they were parodies.)

Well, even a valuable sadness is especially valuable in the current American film scene.

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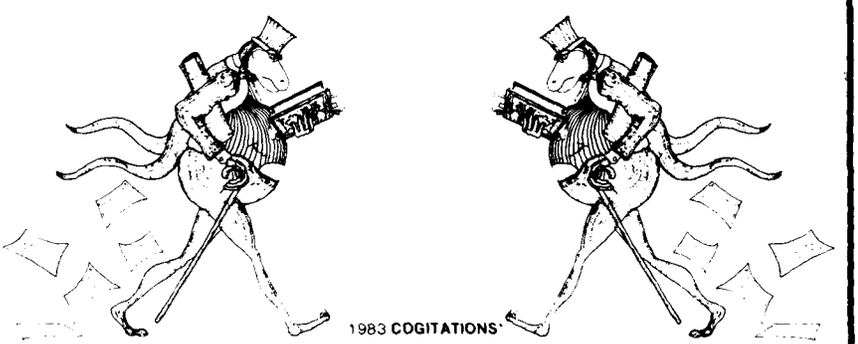

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ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

The Promise of Permanent Companies

In the summer, when stage activity diminishes, meetings and conferences begin. I've been to two of these in the last month, both initiated by a perception of crisis in the theater, both offering grounds for hope.

Significantly, both these meetings also touched, either directly or tangentially, on the concept of permanent theater companies. A major issue at the conference of dramaturges, literary directors, and artistic directors, sponsored by Theater Communications Group, was the difference in dramaturgical requirements between those theaters with a resident group of actors, directors, designers, and playwrights, and those with mainly pickup personnel. And at an advisory panel convened by the Theater Division of the National Endowment for the Arts, a group of people concerned with the future of the theater were asked to comment on the shape and suitability of a provisional National Endowment for the Arts program designed to provide substantial incremental funds for permanent ensembles.

To the layman, such questions must sound pretty technical, of relevance to practitioners rather than audiences, but they may very well be among the central aesthetic and structural concerns of the contemporary stage. For if there is a single element that distinguishes the nonprofit from the commercial theater world, it is the idea of a permanent collective organized for the purpose of refining theater art, as distinct from a temporary junta thrown together to create a hit. In fact, if there is an artistic crisis in the nonprofit movement at the present time, it is largely due to the fact that many theaters, for a variety of reasons, have chosen or been forced to abandon their permanent companies.

Recognizing this, the National Endowment for the Arts has responded to the request of its Theater Division for a program to bolster the few remaining permanent companies and to encourage other institutions to organize companies of their own. Coming at a time when most nonprofit theaters are cutting back on people and resources in order to cope with growing deficits, this is a major commitment, with the potential to alter if not reverse the theater patterns of recent years. Much depends upon N.E.A. appropriations, but if Congress rejects the Reagan Administration's proposal to halve the arts budget and instead supports its appropriation committee's recommendation to *increase* that budget from $143 million in fiscal year 1983 to $165 million in fiscal year 1984, then the National Endowment proposes to reserve for selected theaters committed to the company ideal a total of $1,250,000 annually, which would be incremental to their annual grants. The money would not be available until two years hence, with no guarantee of perpetuity. The current thinking is to put a limit of five years on what will probably be a declining grant, in the (chancy) expectation that local boards and communities would pick up the bill at the end of the grant period. But whatever administrative hedges and caveats are appended to the program, it will be instrumental in reaffirming the original goals of a resident theater for at least five years, meanwhile ensuring better salaries and increased status for company actors, directors, designers, and dramaturges.

Clearly, this new stage in the development of the nonprofit theater would never have been contemplated were it not for the collapse of its alliance with the Broadway system. One of the handicaps of serious theater in this country is that—unlike serious music, dance, and opera—it has a powerful commercial counterpart. Few question the need for subsidies and experimentation in the other performing arts, but there is a general impression—reinforced by the press which, in treating the theater as a seedbed of stars and hits, has failed in a vital educational function—that the purpose of the theater is to produce popular profitable entertainments. It is largely for this reason that the private sector has always been so curiously reluctant to contribute as generously to nonprofit theaters as to other cultural groups; it is also why many of these theaters, in order to survive, have been forced into commercial partnerships.

On the other hand, now that Broadway is proving inhospitable to new works from the resident theater, even that unreliable source of income is threatened, while the prospect of financial salvation from cultural cable TV never really materialized. It was the moment for a new initiative and, fortunately, there was now enlightened leadership in the theater division of the Endowment to provide it. Already the new director of the Theater Program, Edward A. Martenson, had turned what could have been a crushing blow to the movement—the reduction of N.E.A. grants to theaters by over a million dollars—into a creative opportunity to reaffirm the Endowment's waning commitment to quality and innovation. By establishing firm, coherent guidelines for the grants-giving panel, Martenson managed to reverse an entrenched policy of awarding money on the basis of geographical, administrative, budgetary, ethnic, racial, and other nonartistic criteria, and to suggest that the Endowment was once again eager to reward a passion for excellence and a capacity for risk. Guided by these clear injunctions, the panel gave its highest ratings and increased grants to two small experimental groups, while a few large established institutions were notified, through mortifying cuts in their grants, that it was not the mandate of subsidized theater to produce safe, conventional, or semicommercial fare.

The new priority in favor of permanent companies is also destined to create controversy, and at the advisory meeting held in New York, areas of disagreement were quickly uncovered. Reflecting an ancient rivalry, there was debate about what actually constituted a "permanent ensemble"—a performance group dedicated to creating its own material, or a company of actors trained to perform in written plays, both new and classical. The projected N.E.A. program would be catholic enough to accommodate both structures, but it was suggested that playwrights attached to resident theaters would now be under increasing pressure to create characters with company actors in mind (as Shakespeare and Molière did), rather than force theaters to hire independent jobbers who fit the roles (currently the pattern of most producing companies in New York).

There was also the inevitable mention of a national or flagship theater, and whether the N.E.A. money might be

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better spent in one large grant to a single institution staffed by a "genius" director and the "best" American actors. My own opinion is that this was a dry hole, because what we usually mean by the "best" is that coterie of personality actors who have achieved prominence through movies and TV and who, regardless of their oft-proclaimed, well-publicized desires to do stage classics in a company of peers, are rarely willing to make the kind of long-term career and financial sacrifices required to create an ensemble.

I doubt, too, whether they would soon be much of a company if they did. Just as the All-Stars, lacking experience as a team, would be no match for the lowest rated club in the League, so a company of American acting stars usually ends up looking like an ill-assorted bunch of celebrities on a slumming tour—the short-lived Actors Studio company of the '60s is an example, whose production of *Three Sisters* did more to damage the reputation of American classical theater here and abroad than any venture in recent memory. Those who have worked with companies know that quality distinctions among actors are vastly overrated. The best actors are not just those with talent but those who have worked enough to refine their craft, especially if they are able to collaborate with colleagues who share the same values, vocabulary, and training. I believe there are a substantial number of performers currently working in resident theaters who are equal to many of our more celebrated stars in gifts, if not in notoriety.

Those numbers will grow when our culture begins to understand the value of the company ideal in theater as well as music and dance, and recognizes that theater is an ongoing collective process, and not just a machine for creating personalities for *People* magazine. If this provisional new N.E.A. program manages to generate an increased awareness of the value of permanent companies as well as increased support, then hope for the American theater will be renewed at the very moment its death notice is being written..

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BEHIND THE LINES

French and Germans, Germans and French: A Personal Interpretation of France under Two Occupations, 1914-1918 / 1940-1944 by Richard Cobb

(University Press of New England, 222 pp., $15.95)

If there is one besetting sin of contemporary British historians, it is their incapacity, or sometimes willful refusal, to perceive what were the true facts of life prevailing at the time of which they are writing. All too often, for instance, one reads accounts of World War II in which the leaders appear to have been living in a stressless vacuum, possessed with the total wisdom of today's world. For this reason alone, it is always a pleasure to receive a book by Richard Cobb to review; one knows at least that it will be different.

When I first got to know Professor Cobb, it was through correspondence over my book on the Algerian War, *A Savage War of Peace*—taking the form, on his part, of countless small slips of paper, like a pack of cards, on which he recorded in minutest detail how he had lost a new pair of trousers (bought in The Turl, Oxford) through a *plastique* explosion in the Algerian quarter of Paris. To those who knew Professor Cobb, a most engaging member of an almost extinct breed of British academic eccentrics, it would have been, of course, fairly remarkable that he should ever have purchased new trousers in The Turl. But what struck me as still more remarkable at the time was his propensity to read the facts of the Algerian War in terms of his own experience. When, in one of his earlier books he describes the lives of Lyonnaises silkworkers during the Great Revolution, one also feels that he was actually under the smocks of those unhappy women. So, too, in this new book about France under two German occupations, one feels that the author has *been* a terrified *Wehrmacht* deserter on the run, or has lived in the *chorons* of occupied Roubaix, listening helplessly to the endless, implacable rumble of German troop trains overhead, as they foddered the great Ludendorff offensive of March 1918.

Professor Cobb sets the scene with an exposition on the basic absurdities of war, again as viewed from his own experience. Romantically, he had wanted

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to join de Gaulle's Free French (for which, patently, he had not the least qualification, except "If I had to serve in an army, it would be much more interesting to do so in a foreign one."). But the British Army did not quite share this opinion, and a military escort of a staff-sergeant and a corporal was sent to remove Cobb to a guardhouse in Wales. By the end of a six-hour journey, however, both prisoner and escort were so drunk that they had to carry each other off the train. The escort was arrested, and Cobb was eventually released for "ordinary duties," but "I felt that my entry into His Majesty's Forces had a Svejk-like quality." In addition to a profound erudition, it is with a Svejk-like morality, rather than the conventional, that Professor Cobb approaches the German occupation of France during two wars. For him, occupied France of World War II was not a simple matter of Traitors versus Patriots, of Resistance versus Collaboration—or of all the slogans so piously (and, often, dishonestly) trotted out in postliberation France. What interests him is how the French actually lived under German occupation; and the historical fact is that the French did continue to live. By and large, the most truthful slogan of 1940-1944 might have been "Business as Usual."

Professor Cobb's morality is not one that would commend itself to everybody, let alone to all Frenchmen. He writes with sympathy of the *collaboration horizontal* of both wars and regards the illegitimate children as "a minor victory for human nature, because it represents at least a temporary escape from the awful masculine collectivity in military life. . . . " In his meticulous reading of the press of occupied northeastern France of 1914-1918, he finds no trace of a contemporary "Boule de Suif" stabbing to death her monocled Prussian officer lover; "the worst the Roubaix prostitutes ever did to the German soldiers was to give them the pox." It was roughly the same in 1940-1944. By mid-1944, there were eighty thousand Frenchwomen claiming children's benefits from the German military authorities, and this—says Cobb—was "only the tip of the iceberg."

In comparing the two occupations, despite the fact that there were no deportations to Germany, or none of the savage reprisals of 1940-1944, Cobb concludes—perhaps surprisingly—that "the first occupation was more onerous, vexatious and humiliating than the second. . . ." Throughout that war, next-of-kin in the occupied North remained grimly unaware of whether or not their men had been killed in the early offensives of the war. The Germans succeeded in fragmenting French life, by encouraging municipal independence; ". . . each town became a sort of sovereign state subject only to German control and demands. . . ." Nevertheless, there were the racketeers who did well out of it; a man who in 1914 had two taxis in Roubaix ended up in 1919 with a fleet of Dodge trucks obtained as war compensation from the benevolent Americans. "But, as there had been hardly any collaborators, the transition from occupation to liberation was carried out with a minimum of violence and injustice." There was none of the brutal shaving of heads, and worse, of alleged "*collabos*"—all too often in the settlement of private vendettas—that was to scourge France in 1944.

During the second occupation, Professor Cobb suggests that ". . . of all the areas of fragmented France the one that remained most impenetrable to Vichy influence was the North East." It was, of course, geographically the most distant, but it was also calculated German policy—as in 1914-1918—to keep it as a separate entity, for reasons of national interest. It was also the only area where they were steadfastly referred to as *les Boches*, instead of the gentler euphemisms listed in Professor Cobb's copious glossary. But his observations on the relative anglophilia of this area may raise an eyebrow or two. It was always my belief that the Picards and the peasants of the Pas-de-Calais had not forgotten the ravages of the Hundred Years' War—let alone the "desertion" by the British Expeditionary Force of 1940. During the Phoney War (1939-40), Nazi propagandists certainly endeavored to fan these old resentments, broadcasting through vast loudspeakers on the front how the wicked British were, as in 1914-1918, seducing the women of the North behind the lines while their men fought (though, on one occasion, this apparently backfired with a French unit shouting back "we don't give a bugger, we're from the Midi!").

In both the first and second occupations, a curious symbiosis was observed gradually to grow up between occupier and occupied. "What is so terrible," writes Cobb, "is the uncrossable divergence of fates, as between German soldiers and French civilians. . . ." Yet by the beginning of 1918, they were "even beginning to look alike, as the uniforms of the former became increasingly tattered. . . . " The same was true by 1944, by which time both French and Germans went "more or less neck-and-neck in the shared inelegance of vestimentary weariness." To escape from the cold that afflicted each alike, they would crowd together in movie houses simply for mutual warmth. Both came to need each other; there was an indispensable relationship between Otto Abetz and Jean Luchaire, and a similar two-way symbiosis existed right down the scale of administrative hierarchies.

The German occupation was almost totally dependent on the vast body of the French police, one hundred thousand strong; noting how very few senior police officers were replaced after the liberation, Cobb sees nothing particularly odd about this. After all, it had happened before—in 1789, in 1794, in 1814, in 1815, in 1830, in 1848 and with only a partial break occurring in 1871. "In most cases, collaboration represent-

LITTLE BY LITTLE

Let nothing be too big or small to say or see.
End of the world; cockroach on the counter;
déjà vu; tail of a dream; anonymous phone call;
child asleep; kettle begins to boil.
Over the ribbon of winter river creeps the sun.
The pigeon preening on the synagogue wall
ruffles its wings and tucks its head back down.

The daily touch of hands
by gradual degrees turns white to black.
And there are other signs of tender wear.
Cats softly rub their chins on edges they make dingy.
Slow concavities, step by step,
hollow out the hardest granite stair.
Such are the markings I sit down to make.

RACHEL HADAS

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ed a business relationship profitable to both parties. It could not be all take and no give." The German censor got French films financed, and French books published (of which, in 1943, there were a record number launched in Paris). "Business as usual. . . ." Already by the fall of 1940, Cobb records children and parents alike concentrating more on forthcoming exams than on the war.

To him, it is understandable that to sit it out at home was, for most middle-class French, ". . . a more comforting programme than blood, sweat and tears." Much less sympathetic are the Communist resisters, who, having done their best to help bring France to her knees in 1940, after June 1941 displayed an energetic alacrity ". . . to follow the new party line by assassinating individual German soldiers." When he criticizes the severity of other writers about the collaborating Parisian middle classes, Cobb poses the unspoken but eternal question: what would we British, or Americans, have done under similar circumstances? How courageous would we have been, and how long might that courage have endured, in the teeth of appalling reprisals against our family, friends, or neighbors?

Back in the jollier days of the Second Empire, "La Paiva," the greatest of all the *grandes horizontales*, once asked a playwright to compose some verses to celebrate her sumptuous new staircase (in what is now the Travellers' Club on the Champs Elysées), and he replied with a single, savage line adapted from *Phèdre*: "*Ainsi que la vertu, la vice a ses degrès*" (literally, "Vice, like virtue, has its steps up and down"). Similarly, in the 1940s collaboration—and not just in the sexual forms over which "La Paiva" had reigned supreme—was riddled with degree. The middle class despised the little bank clerks with their (now extinct) *manches de lustrines*, ink-sleeves worn to protect threadbare suits, who comprised the third-class collaborators filling the ranks of Marcel Déat's R.N.P. (Reassemblement National Populaire). In turn, the Déats and Doriots looked down on the mediocre provincial hack journalists, like Paquis—unceremoniously dumped off a Luftwaffe plane to make way for a bigger fish, when the deluge came in 1944. The Germans welcomed, and skillfully exploited, such petty snobberies and hatreds to keep all the various "*collabos*" at one another's throats, and prevent

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them from forming a united front.

As the quintessentially unconventional chronicler, Professor Cobb often finds sympathy in unconventional places. Who else, for instance, could shed a tear for the plight of the despicable *collabo* leaders in exile in Sigmaringen after 1944? But there they were, knowing that the war was lost, that they had no future and could expect no mercy from their fellow countrymen, pathetic human beings who had alienated themselves from France, and yet, in Germany ". . . somehow became more, not less, French, almost caricatures of themselves." Equally he is sensitive to the terrible loneliness and despair of the solitary *Wehrmacht* soldier adrift in a Paris which, even under the happiest of circumstances, has never been renowned for its friendliness to foreigners. Perhaps the most appealing passage in the book is the marvelously sensitive account of the panic and terror of a German deserter. A city dweller, he cannot accommodate himself in the hostile countryside, which he roams in futile and exhausting circles; he has no way of replacing his telltale boots, and he knows that eventually he will have to give himself up, and face the firing squad.

Less kindly is Professor Cobb in his strictures towards Vichy, which he damns as "a dishonourable, equivocal, and ludicrous regime" with the aged Pétain become, toward its end, a sort of super-annuated boy scout, having "borrowed both the language and even some of the clothing of a French Baden-Powell." The author has a particularly acute ear for language, indeed for sounds in general. He analyzes how the language of collaboration repeatedly favored expressions beginning with as *à la recherche de. . .* , or *vers la Paix Universelle. . . ;* it was always on the way toward the millennium it would never reach. He points out an interesting similarity between what Le Roy Ladurie terms the "verbal terrorism" à la Robespierre of the Communists and the language of the semi-Fascist Céline, Paquis and *Je suis partout*. In more than just its language, too, notes Cobb, ". . . the general tone of hate, spite, abjection, and, above all, palpable lack of talent links the press of collaboration with that of the prewar extreme right." The language of fascism, so we are reminded, " . . . constantly emphasized physical cleanliness and rippling muscles. The enemies of fascism are not only degenerate, but weak and, presumably, unwashed."

Professor Cobb's ear has also long been attuned to, and fascinated by, French slang at its most bizarre. In an intriguing glossary which gives his book added value, I counted no less than nine synonyms for the hated *Boche;* there are *chleuhs* and *doryphores; fridolins* and *fritzous; souris grises* (the women's services) and *verts-de-gris*. Indeed, if one may have any criticism about this excellent, but far too slim book it is that there are—especially for North American readership—altogether too many allusions in French.

The passing of that once ubiquitous Gallic headpiece, the beret, is also observed—in its proper political context. In the 1940s it had become part of the uniform of neo-fascism; photographs of Vichy mass rallies resemble ". . . some strange form of cultivation, a mushroom farm in which the mushrooms have turned blue. . . ." By the liberation, the beret had lost its innocence; ". . . it could no longer perch on the awkward, gawky head of Monsieur Hulot, who would have to wear a little hat instead. . . ."

Many of Professor Cobb's observations are drawn from published sources, and he properly singles out Guéhenno's *Journal des années noires* as one of the most moving and illuminating chronicles of 1940-44. But he has rendered a great service in delving into, and making known to a far wider public, many less visible treasure troves—such as the *Liller Kriegszeitung* which he found of considerable value for his account of the 1914-18 occupation. All of this material he has enriched by his own pungent observations and talent for empathy. One can only regret, once again, that Professor Cobb has not written at greater length on the subject. Perhaps he will, another time?

ALISTAIR HORNE

Alistair Horne is author of *A Savage War of Peace: Algeria 1954-1962* (Penguin) and *Napoleon: Master of Europe* (Morrow).

THE KING OF COMEDY

Harold Lloyd: The Man on the Clock
by Tom Dardis

(Viking, 357 pp., $19.75)

Without intending to, Tom Dardis's *Harold Lloyd* raises fundamental questions about "movie biography." What is it supposed to accomplish? What does it have to work with? Source materials for movie biography are generally skimpy and unreliable: studio handouts, ghosted autobiographies, distant memories, gossip, scattered anecdotes, and the like. Telephone calls replace letters and journals. Very little internal life can be recovered or even guessed at, for introspection and historical discipline are not among the actor's strong suits. Some actors have only the most shadowy idea of why they chose their profession in the first place and what it meant to them. Harold Lloyd, for example, says, "I was possessed from my earliest youth with a definite, violent desire to act that in no wise conformed with the rest of my character," and that's about where he leaves it. Moreover, acting, an ancient profession, predates the age of personality, but we persist in expecting actors to have personalities and private lives that are comparable in excitement and accessibility to the roles they play. The real life of most actors, the life with the greatest psychological density and thrust, is the roles they play, what they do when they are "in character." When they are out of character they are bland, even vacant. This appears to have been especially true of Lloyd.

In contrast to Chaplin, Dardis says,

> Lloyd's offscreen personality is simply boring. He has no legendary history of scandalous behavior or alcoholism, no insane mother, no mental breakdowns; he was involved in no courtroom battles over sexual misconduct, no left-wing political activity. Lloyd, the affable millionaire,

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owner of a palatial sixteen-acre estate in Beverly Hills, has always seemed a bit quaint among the Hollywood pioneers; he lacked excitement.

There were exceptions, of course. As he was posing for a publicity photo in 1919 a prop bomb exploded in his right hand and blew off his thumb and forefinger; his face was a mass of raw meat and he was afraid he had gone blind. The accident, which thereafter compelled him to wear a prosthetic appliance and a glove on his maimed hand, symbolizes his lifelong willingness (Dardis calls it obsessional) to sacrifice self, time, and money in order to achieve a measure of perfection in his films. His wife became an alcoholic; his son developed a disastrous taste for rough trade. The actor consoled himself with hobbies such as painting and stereo photography of naked women. By 1942, when he was only forty-nine years old, Lloyd "must have known that his career was finished," Dardis says. The former King of Comedy ended up as Imperial Potentate of the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. He died in 1971.

TO A certain extent the lack of overall excitement and dramatic dimension in Lloyd's off-screen life holds true of his on-screen persona: a furiously energetic but otherwise unprepossessing young man, a mix of Joe College and the gee-whiz kid next door, who triumphs against the odds, social as well as physical. Dardis points out that only three of Lloyd's eighteen feature films include climbing stunts and yet, somewhat to the detriment of his standing as a film artist, he is chiefly remembered today as "The King of Daredevil Comedy" who clung to the hands of a giant clock in *Safety Last*, released in 1923, and thereby started a craze for human flies. (Although he objects to this daredevil stereotype Dardis perpetuates it in the subtitle of his book.)

The essence of the Lloyd screen persona is an inspired, immediately likeable ordinariness that appears now to have been ideally suited to President Warren G. Harding's era of "normalcy." Unlike Chaplin, with his bleak outsider's vision of society, Lloyd prevailed not by remaining outside but by conforming; his prop glasses—horn-rims without lenses—suggested harmlessness and accommodation. Lloyd's first "glasses" picture, made in 1917, was a one-reeler called *Over the Fence*, and within two years his new character had become so popular, Dardis says, that "sales of horn-rims were booming all over the world." The glasses became his trademark and, more than that, his identity.

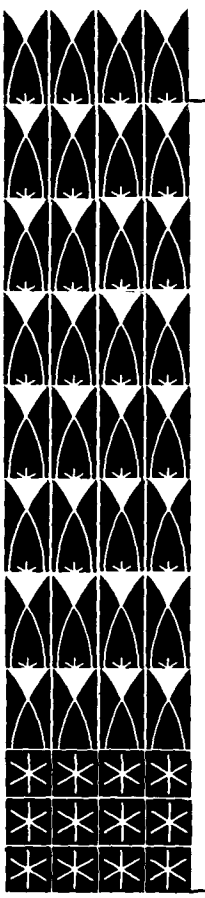
> If he chose . . . to avoid the press or any sort of publicity, all he had to do was remove his glasses. Taking them off gave him instant anonymity: his comic persona was built almost entirely on wearing them. Without glasses, he had, in effect, disguised himself. He became invisible.

Before he discovered his new and definitive character Lloyd had played a series of Charlie Chaplin knockoffs called Willie Work and Lonesome Luke. One night just as one of his Lonesome Luke films was about to be shown he overheard a small boy say to a friend, "Oh, here's that fellow who tries to do like Chaplin." He decided he wasn't going to be "a third-rate imitator of anybody, even a genius like Chaplin." But even having struck out in his own direction he was never able to escape comparisons with Chaplin. Both were improvisational and extravagantly perfectionist in their working methods; both were supreme masters of the running gag developed with inexorable logic. At his peak in 1927-1928 Lloyd was the number one box office attraction in the United States and Chaplin was his only real competition. But his popularity did not survive the talkie revolution. Dardis argues that *Feet First*, released in 1930,

> permanently established the public's perception of Lloyd's talking character in very much the same deadly way that Keaton's was fixed by his *Free and Easy* of the same year. Despite the many differences, both films present their stars as doltish young men who possess not one bit of the poetic charm they displayed so strongly in their silent films.

Of the major stars of the silent era only Chaplin, Greta Garbo, and Ronald Colman continued to be stars of the talkies.

As Dardis tells the story Harold Lloyd on-screen and Harold Lloyd off-screen seem to have very little reciprocal traffic between them, and what passes for close analysis of behavior and personality is on the level of *The Freshman*: that is, it's all right for campus capers comedy but not up to the demands of recreating the density and feel of a life. "As Harold made his way back to California the following week," Dardis writes about a 1917 business trip,



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he was aware that he'd won more than just the money: he'd gained the respect and admiration of one of the executives of a major film distributor. He also knew that there would be a time when he would be able to make his films the way *he* wanted them made. He realized he was the drawing card they wanted in New York—and the rest of the world.

We're back in the world of Harold Lloyd comedy.

Part of the failure of Dardis's book has to do with style. His writing is lusterless and clichéd. At Greenacres, Lloyd's Beverly Hills estate, "Bridge and poker were conspicuous by their absence." The Greenacres swimming pool is described at least three times as "Olympic size"—as well as being imprecise, this belongs in a motel brochure. Wally Westmore, Lloyd's close friend in later years, is "the famous makeup artist who created the cosmetic firm that bears his name." Of Chaplin's *City Lights*, a silent masterpiece released three years after the coming of sound, Dardis writes, "A soundless bombshell suddenly exploded in this sea of talk." It could hardly be worse. But Dardis's *Harold Lloyd* demonstrates an even larger failure. This may have to do with the false assumption that there is a sort of pecking order which puts "movie biography" at the bottom and exempts it from literary and intellectual standards that most other sorts of biographies are held accountable to. Quite possibly good movie biographies may be harder to write than any other kind.

JUSTIN KAPLAN

Justin Kaplan is working on a biography of Charlie Chaplin.

THE HOUSE THAT KANT BUILT

Kant's Life and Thought
by Ernst Cassirer
translated by James Haden

(Yale University Press, 429 pp., $35, $11.95 paper)

Lectures on Kant's Political Philosophy
by Hannah Arendt
edited and with an interpretive essay by Ronald Beiner

(University of Chicago Press, 174 pp., $15)

Neither of these books will help the uninitiated reader become acquainted with the thinker Karl Jaspers ranked with Plato and Augustine as one of "the seminal founders" of Western philosophy. Cassirer is more difficult to read than Kant himself. Arendt is not only exasperatingly disorganized but also, to say the least, highly idiosyncratic. She construes Kant's political philosophy with almost no reference at all either to his political writings or to other writings, such as those on morality, which bear significantly on political issues. Rather, she bases her discussion on the third *Critique*, which concerns aesthetics and teleology, and in doing so completely ignores the manifest subject matter of that work.

Both writers, nevertheless, will interest readers with philosophical training or inclination. Cassirer recreates Kant in at least most of his original breadth, and he does so with an authority and penetration few commentators can match. And Arendt is not only exasperating but also, as usual, stimulating. Further, she was herself a Kantian of sorts and she exemplifies—in her own thought if not in her interpretation of Kant—a rather Kantian balance. In spite of her passionate involvement in the great political issues of our age, she never tried to reinforce her positions with the simplifications or fervor of ideology. And the long, interpretive essay by Ronald Beiner, which follows Arendt's lectures, is an unusually fine piece of work, shedding light both on Hannah Arendt and on Kant. At the very least, then, *Kant's Life and Thought* and *Lectures on Kant's Political Philosophy* can serve to remind us of a great figure in our intellectual past.

THEY can also serve as an occasion for reflecting on a figure whose philosophy is one of the supreme intellectual achievements of our civilization. Kant's greatness lies partly in his originality. In response to a seemingly modest question, he provided a very bold answer. What he sought to discover in his first great work, *The Critique of Pure Reason*, was simply how science is possible since particular empirical observations cannot possibly confirm universal laws. In trying to resolve this question, Kant carried out what he himself described (not boastfully, for even at the height of his fame he was a surprisingly modest man) as a Copernican revolution. Failing to explain the movements of the stars on the assumption that they revolved around the spectator, Copernicus "tried whether he might not have better success if he made the spectator to revolve and the stars to remain at rest." Similarly, Kant set aside the ancient assumption that our knowledge must conform to objects and argued that objects must conform to our knowledge. Thus we human beings create—in accordance not with personal inspiration but with the nature of our faculties—the objective world. Our minds are the source of the universality of scientific laws. A great deal of the intellectual history of the last two centuries can be traced back to this revolutionary idea.

Kant was able to build magnificently on and around this original intuition. Although he was fifty-seven when *The Critique of Pure Reason* appeared, he proceeded to write two additional *Critiques*, one dealing with moral philosophy and one with aesthetics and teleology. In addition, he produced numerous other writings, some on subjects taken up in the three *Critiques* and others on politics, history, and religion. These works were anything but haphazard productions. Kant was a master intellectual architect (to an excessive degree, to many of his critics), and he always wrote with the entire structure of his thought in mind. The result is a vast and moving work of imagination and thought.

The greatness of Kant's philosophy, however, does not lie only, or even

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mainly, in his originality or in the order and beauty of the system. In every corridor and chamber, so to speak, one is aware of a nobility of soul—a nobility rarely expressed in the kind of elevated rhetoric that obscures unpleasant realities but rather in a steady consciousness, maintained through long and exacting philosophical labors, of our ultimate concerns—of truth, goodness, and beauty. At the same time, in reading Kant one sees many signs of the humane and democratic character of a man who was decisively influenced by Rousseau and greatly admired the French revolution. In this respect, Kant is nothing like Jaspers's other "seminal founders"—Plato and Augustine are noble but not always humane and never democratic. Plato's exalted spirituality was accompanied by a radically aristocratic view of human nature and Augustine's by the "ferocious doctrine" (as Bertrand Russell called it) of predestination. Kant, in contrast, had a deep and unaffected respect for ordinary people. The discernment and performance of moral duty regardless of happiness or any other personal advantage—which, for Kant, marked the summit of humanity—was within the capacity of all.

KANT'S nobility and humanity, his simultaneous concern with ultimate values and confidence in common people, are signs of a quality that pervades the Kantian system and is perhaps the primary source of its greatness—a balance reflecting Kant's sensitivity to all dimensions of human existence. There are many examples of this. Kant defends both uncompromising investigation of natural reality and intransigent attention to moral duty, thus providing grounds for both science and morality. Again, the first two *Critiques* set forth an ideal of life in accordance with reason, exemplified both in science and morality, whereas the third *Critique* is concerned primarily with beauty and with the mystery of life. As Ernst Cassirer points out, Kant refutes the commonplace that everyone is either a Platonist or an Aristotelian. Kant fully shared both the transcendental orientation of Plato and the empirical interests of Aristotle. A typical work of the Enlightenment, Kant's thought throughout affirms the power and dignity of reason, yet repeatedly evokes the mystery lying beyond the circle of light shed by reason.

This quality of balance touches not this or that area of thought but the whole Kantian system, and this has won relatively few adherents. Kant's major influence has been either among followers in a single area, such as ethics, or among opponents who pursued pathways Kant had opened for them. The system in its entirety might be compared to a vast eighteenth-century mansion with a few rooms occupied but for the most part vacant and in a state of neglect. This fact is worth reflecting on, for it provides a perspective on our times.

INHERENT in the balance of Kantian thought were characteristics bound to be objectionable to some temperaments and minds. Kant's philosophy, although a manifesto of the Enlightenment, was disturbingly ambiguous. For example, his defense of rational inquiry was based on the troublesome concept of the "thing-in-itself"—of the reality which appears to the senses and is incorporated in the structures of reason but can never be known as it is in itself. On the other side, Kant was a source of uneasiness to defenders of faith. This was not necessarily for good reasons; Kant remarked that he limited reason to make room for faith, and religious thinkers like Nicolas Berdyaev have found the Kantian structure of thought quite hospitable to Christian insights. Yet Kant did deny religion every kind of empirical and rational support, and metaphysics as traditionally understood—the rational investigation of transcendental being—he razed to the ground.

Moralists were yet another group likely to be offended. None of them could fault Kant's moral seriousness. That, in a way, was the problem; for he denied that happiness or any other prospective advantage could count in estimating the moral worth of an action, and thus set the moral law in sharp opposition to normal human behavior. Perhaps most disturbing of all, Kant denied the possibility of any unitary concept of man. For Kant, determinism is altogether true, as a postulate of science, yet so is the concept of free will, as a postulate of the moral life. Which we adopt depends on whether we are viewing man as an object of scientific investigation or an agent of the moral law, and there is no comprehensive theory that can reconcile the two viewpoints.

In short, Kant's balance requires divisions and limits, and these, for many, are unwelcome. They are particularly unwelcome when there is a strong desire for unity—whether achieved by rational understanding, revolutionary action, or religious faith. This desire has been prominent in the history of the last two centuries. Much of the intellectual history of this period could be written about as a series of footnotes to Kant. But three movements of thought illustrate the way in which the desire for unity has prompted a repudiation of the distinctions and restraints of Kant's philosophy.

First, the idealism of Hegel met, at least superficially, the needs of many critics. The "thing-in-itself" was cast aside and the sovereignty of reason over all reality powerfully asserted. This did not provide satisfaction only for rationalists, however. The ultimate object of reason was a divine reality, "the Absolute"—which Kant had held reason was bound to seek yet in doing so was bound also to fall into logical contradictions. Finally, the misgivings of some of Kant's moral opponents were quieted. Looking at history, Hegel sought to show that what had happened was what had to happen for the attainment of the ultimate goal of all life and history, the full realization of the Absolute. The opposition Kant had seen between "is" and "ought" was thus illusory.

Second, in dialectical materialism He-

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gel's drive toward unity was placed in the service of revolutionary social transformation. Protagonists of radical action resemble protagonists of pure thought: both wish to set aside limits on reason, deny (in Kierkegaard's words) the "infinite qualitative difference" between heaven and earth, and reconcile expediency and morality.

Third, what might be called "incarnational Christianity" held that all things had been united by Christ, at once God and man, heavenly and earthly. The major representative of this view is Dietrich Bonhoeffer, the German theologian executed by the Nazis for his part in the anti-Hitler resistance. In important ways, Bonhoeffer was a Hegelian. Although for Bonhoeffer only faith, not reason, could grasp the unity of being, and the Church rather than the State was the great historical embodiment of unity, he was nevertheless impatient with Christians who stressed the transcendence of God, and he held that the commands of God did away with the antagonism of expediential and moral necessities. Although Bonhoeffer spent most of his mature life under the stresses either of resistance within a totalitarian system or of imprisonment (he was arrested two years before he was killed), the mood of his great culminating writings is one of conscious and consistent worldliness.

As the example of dialectical materialism makes plain, the motives of Kantian criticism have not been philosophical, religious, or ethical alone. They have also been political. Thus it is fair to say that Hegel typifies the drive toward unity of conservatism. If an established society is to be affirmed, then the kind of God who stands beyond and judges every human work must be denied; and so must be the kind of moral law which enables and requires human beings to call all of their works and institutions into question. Conservatives, no less than revolutionaries, are impelled to attack the sort of distinctions and limits Kant laid down.

The doctrines of Hegel, Marx, and Bonhoeffer are, to repeat, only illustrative. But they do show that Kant has had diverse and able opponents. And they suggest a conclusion which a comprehensive survey probably would support: that Kant's opponents have been far more numerous and able than his allies, if we count as allies only those who have defended the whole Kantian system.

To attempt a defense of Kant in a brief essay would be foolish. It is worth noting, however, that few if any of these considerations were wholly ignored or repudiated by Kant. For example, the principle that reason must continually press toward an understanding of the entirety of things was not invoked by Hegel in opposition to Kant; it is dramatically set forth in Kant's first *Critique*. As for religious motives, the idea that life needs support from faith is defended in the third *Critique* and Kant suggested approaches to the unconditioned (Hegel's Absolute) in practically all of his later writings. And in regard to ethics, the common notion that Kant's dedication to moral duty was so stern as to make him an enemy of happiness is a myth. While he argued that calculations of happiness are irrelevant in determining duty, he thought happiness so important that a universe in which happiness and holiness were permanently at odds was to him unthinkable. In politics, Kant was sensitive both to the grandeur and horrors of revolution and he provided a philosophical framework which, while unfavorable to total revolution, was nevertheless highly favorable to social criticism and reform. Kant is usually thought of as an austere figure. Perhaps he was in his personal life (although this is doubtful: he was a popular teacher and a sociable and kindly man). He certainly was not austere of mind. The breadth and balance of his system reflects a mind of remarkable range not merely in knowledge but in sympathy. Kant was not "tone-deaf" (as Freud was to religion) to any major human concern.

It also is worth noting that Kant is not associated with any of the atrocious movements of our century. It would, of course, be unfair to base a judgment of Hegel on the uses to which Italian Fascists put his philosophy or of Marx on the fact that Stalin was a Marxist. Hegel was not a Fascist nor Marx a Stalinist. And even if there are logical connections between these viewpoints and their recent political applications, a philosophy is not disproven by being misused—not even by lending itself to misuse. Nonetheless, in the study of political philosophy historical consequences are not wholly irrelevant. One cannot imagine the Nazi leaders studying Kant. And it is doubtful that Stalin could find philosophical support even in a distorted version of him. Perhaps precisely because he is so free of the poisons of this century, we need today to consult more frequently and seriously with Kant in his original—that is, broad, discriminating, and balanced—form. Perhaps the old mansion is not so uninhabitable as it looks.

GLENN TINDER

Glenn Tinder is professor of political science at the University of Massachusetts, Boston, and author of *Community: The Tragic Ideal* (Louisiana State University Press) and other books.

THE GENDER GULF

Intimate Strangers: Men and Women Together
by Lillian B. Rubin

(Harper & Row, 222 pp., $14.95)

Marriage, observed Voltaire, is the only adventure open to the cowardly. If there is truth in this statement, then in America in the 1980s the cowardly continue to abound. Despite the bleak forecasts about the future of marriage, people do go on voting for the institution, with their feet. Ninety-one percent of Americans have been married at some point in their lives, presumably hoping to live happily ever after.

But, as the statistics attest, things often don't work out that way. The 1975 risk tables for divorce indicate that 47 percent of first marriages end in failure. The "haven in a heartless world," to borrow Christopher Lasch's phrase, that two people had hoped to create becomes a jail shared with a stranger. What goes wrong? How is it that the intimate partner with whom one chose to share one's existence becomes a foreigner making demands in a language one can't understand?

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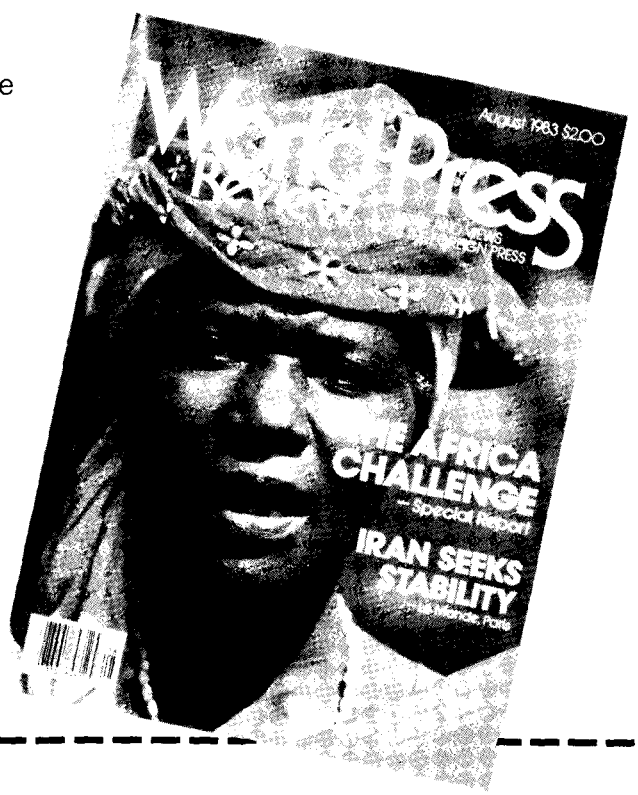

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A great deal of the misunderstanding between the sexes, suggests author Lillian B. Rubin, derives from the simple fact that men and women are not at all similar. They are such fundamentally different kinds of creatures—they perceive and experience the world in such different ways—that they might almost be said to spring from separate species. Many of their mutual misunderstandings stem from each sex's assumptions about the ways in which the other is similar, when in fact they aren't at all.

Why, women wonder, can't all men be like the doctors on "General Hospital"—so warm, so concerned about the personal lives of friends, relatives, and patients; so involved in their intimate relationships? Why, men wonder, are women so intrusive—so liable to ask uncomfortable questions, and to pry into a person's inner thoughts and feelings? Don't they understand that, in dealing with the serious business of the world, it's better to put emotionality aside? John Wayne never talked like that.

Lillian Rubin, a psychotherapist and researcher, once believed that the difficulties between men and women were due to cultural role assignments—stereotypic scripts, for males and for females, which dictated acceptable behaviors. A woman, supposed to be warm, expressive, and dependent, was to be the counterpart of her self-contained and autonomous man. Each of them, stuck in his or her "part," had trouble understanding the other. As an early feminist, Dr. Rubin says, she herself was convinced that increasing opportunities for males and females to experience each other's roles would lead to greater understanding between them.

She and her husband Hank (to whom this book is dedicated) decided to reverse their roles just after their only child had graduated from college. Mrs. Rubin would be the family breadwinner, and her husband the homemaker—while he embarked on a new, second career, as a writer. It was to be a quiet revolution, their own sexual revolution, begun on the domestic front. Within two months, however, Hank Rubin was in a serious depression and his wife was "stunned" to discover that she herself was furious. "He struggled with his sense of failure, with the fear that somehow his very manhood had been damaged," she writes.

> I—the liberated, professional woman—was outraged and enraged that he wasn't taking care of me any longer. I felt as if he had violated some basic contract with which we had lived, as if he had failed in his most fundamental task in life—to keep me safe and cared for, to protect and support me.

Playing the mate's gender-assigned role had not increased their comprehension of each other, and their closeness, at all. But they did, reports the writer, eventually manage to work things out: "His depression passed, as did my anger, but not without plenty of psychological work for us both." She doesn't tell us just how this matter was resolved; I wish she had. For the issues involved are so critical to current discussions about the roles of men and of women that I was disappointed by her drawing the drapes at that moment.

IT WAS in the wake of this crisis that Dr. Rubin, whose most well-known book is *Worlds of Pain* (a study of life in working-class families) decided to interview a sample of roughly one hundred and fifty male and female partners, all of whom had been together for five years or more. In a series of talks with these committed mates, she elicited generalizably "male" and "female" views on such issues as intimate sharing, sexuality, raising children, and the like. The comments made by the men and women whom she interviewed, heard in small excerpts throughout the text, certainly underscore the fact that wives and husbands approach their lives—and their lives *together*—from such fundamentally different perspectives that the differences demand explanation.

Is it biology? Or very early experiences of being male or being female? The author's answer is early experience. Both sexes, argues Dr. Rubin, are profoundly affected by the fact that the first love relationship of life—the attachment between infant and mother—is a relationship with a woman. Both newborn males and females are, as they waken to conscious life, fused in blissful union with the powerful, caretaking mother; but as the process of separation of self from other begins, it is the small male who must separate more completely. It is, she suggests, in the wrenching process of tearing his own self from the primitive identification with mother that boys learn to suppress and deny feeling, and to force emotionality underground. Little girls, anatomically similar to their mothers, don't have to separate with such vehemence and brutal completeness. As a consequence, they have less trouble being intimate—but *more* difficulty drawing boundaries and becoming truly separate, autonomous people.

Dr. Rubin's argument is eloquent and largely persuasive, but I found I couldn't accept her position completely. For, in stating that male and female differences are rooted solely in early mothering experiences, she ignores some of the recent infant research: work which supports the suggestion that little females are more responsive to people from two or three days after birth onward. Rudolph Schaffer reviews this research with babies in his book *Mothering*; and there has been further work done since its 1979 publication.

These findings indicate the presence of an innately stronger interest in and attraction to other people, even in the littlest females—that same intense interest in interpersonal relationships and subjective experience that Dr. Rubin found in most of her grown-up wives. From the outset tiny males seem to be constitutionally less interested in and attracted by other people. Thus, while Dr. Rubin assumes that men's lack of comfort about relationships and uneasiness in dealing with their inner worlds derives from the early mothering experience, I myself feel less sure. The way mothers and fathers interact with their babies is of vital significance. Having said this, let me add that while we may disagree about the origin of such differences, I found Dr. Rubin's description of men and of women—and the ways we tend to misunderstand each other in close relationships—lively, compassionate, and wonderfully instructive throughout.

MAGGIE SCARF

COMING:

Gertrude Himmelfarb
on
Benjamin Disraeli.

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Reconsideration: Francis Parkman

ROMANTIC HISTORIAN

BY DAVID LEVIN

Francis Parkman (1823-1893) was the youngest in a remarkable succession of romantic historians, who, each working independently of the others, produced nearly fifty volumes of distinguished narrative between 1834 and 1892. William H. Prescott's histories of the conquest of Mexico and Peru, Parkman's *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West* and *Montcalm and Wolfe*, and John L. Motley's *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* have been in print at times for many years in the twentieth century, but George Bancroft's twelve-volume *History of the United States* (reduced to six volumes when Bancroft revised it in his eighties) has not been reprinted since the last of its many nineteenth-century editions. Parkman's great history of French exploration and of the extended warfare between France and England for control of North America has been out of print for decades. Until the 1960s this situation was only a minor inconvenience; one could pick up a set of Parkman's complete works in almost any bookstore in New England, for a dollar a volume. Now the Library of America is about to publish an edition of Parkman's major work, which I have prepared; the original nine volumes of *France and England in North America* will appear in two volumes that will be kept permanently in print.

Enormous physical difficulties—eye trouble, arthritis, terrible headaches, depression, tachycardia—threatened Parkman's enterprise through much of his life. He feared for a time that he would never be able to complete his original design, which he had formed while still an undergraduate at Harvard. In *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* (1851), therefore, he prefaced his account of Pontiac's uprising with a long introductory narrative sketching out the entire history to which he would devote the rest of his life. Not until 1865 did he publish *Pioneers of France in the New World*, the first volume of his grand enterprise. *The Jesuits in North America in the Seventeenth Century* followed soon afterward in 1867, and a thoroughly revised *Discovery of the Great West* in 1869. Here Parkman paused for a volume, *The Old Régime in Canada* (1874), that concentrates on the administrative institutions of New France. *Count Frontenac and New France Under Louis XIV* (1877) completed the seventeenth-century portions of the narrative, and as Parkman turned sixty he decided to skip a half-century in order to be sure of finishing at least his climactic two volumes on the Seven Years' War, *Montcalm and Wolfe* (1884). In 1892, just in time, he published the missing segment, two volumes on the comedy of grisly deceit that he called *A Half-Century of Conflict*. Each of these works should give any reader pleasure as a separate narrative, but the entire series possessed a majestic grandeur that only one nineteenth-century American history, Henry Adams's study of the Jefferson and Madison Administrations, can match. Parkman survives thanks to his enduring narrative power.

The epigraph to his first book and the last line of his nine-volume history remind us of Parkman's preoccupation with vigorous manhood acting out of doors. In his twenties, forced by an obscure disorder of the nerves and eyes to dictate *The Oregon Trail* rather than write it with his own hand, he invokes Byron's *The Corsair*:

> Let him who crawls enamor'd of decay
> Cling to his couch, and sicken years away;
> Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head;
> Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.

He removed this epigraph and others from later editions, but the spirit persists. In his sixties, at the end of his masterpiece, he asks his country to "turn some fair proportion of her vast mental forces to other objects than material progress" and "to prove, if she can, that the rule of the masses is consistent with the highest growth of the individual; that democracy can give the world a civilization as mature and pregnant, ideas as energetic and vitalizing, and types of manhood as lofty and strong, as any of the systems which it boasts to supplant."

Types of lofty and strong manhood trudge, climb, run, paddle, wade, portage, and fight through the seven separate units that make up *France and England in North America*. These types are no mere clichés. Parkman shrewdly chose a subject perfectly suited to his preferences, his talents, and the experience that he had acquired as a youth exploring the New England and Western wilderness. Conventional romantic rhetoric concentrated on lonely, self-reliant heroes willing, like some of Parkman's seventeenth-century Jesuit missionaries, "to do, to suffer, and to die" as they braved overwhelming difficulties in the natural world and among human enemies—sometimes their own followers and even their own divided selves. Parkman used that rhetoric to express his remarkably imaginative understanding of the actual experience of individual men. He had long ago learned the lesson that Thomas Carlyle had attributed to Sir Walter Scott:

> that bygone ages of the world were actually filled by living men, not by protocols, state-papers, controversies and abstrac-

David Levin, who teaches at the University of Virginia, is the author of *Cotton Mather: The Young Life of the Lord's Remembrancer* (Harvard University Press).

"IN A GESTURE of profound reverence toward its own errors, the Court recently invoked *stare decisis* to reiterate (without having to defend) *Roe*. (Where was *stare decisis* in 1973?) It made a mockery of Alexander Hamilton's soothing argument that the Court, having no real power, would always have to justify itself by reasoning cogently. Today's Court has so much power that it can refuse to reason at all."

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> tions of men . . . but men, in buff or other coats and breeches, with colour in their cheeks, with passions in their stomach, and the idioms, features, and vitalities of very men.

When we read Parkman's narratives of Champlain, La Salle, the Jesuits Marquette, Brébeuf, Jogues, and Garnier—or the letters as well as the battles of Montcalm and Wolfe—we want to echo Carlyle's exclamation about an anecdote in Boswell's *Johnson*: "Do but consider that it is true; that it did in very deed occur!"

THE GREAT strength of Parkman's history, then, grows out of an imaginative sympathy and a literary skill that bring us close to individual experience and character without screening out for very long the grand geographical and chronological sweep of the entire work. Parkman's subject is the two centuries of exploration and imperial warfare that left England victorious over New France and yet did not bring vast stretches of the disputed territory under civilized control.

One of Parkman's major themes is the waste of heroism. In what he calls the war between a barren absolutism and a crude, incoherent liberty, the French are bound to lose because their colony is "all head," whereas the English colonies, "a body without a head," exert an irrepressible if bungling vigor. The fatal decision to exclude Protestants and foreigners from New France has given the English colonies a decisive advantage: "New France could not grow with a priest on guard at the gate to let in none but such as pleased him." The splendid achievements of French explorers and soldiers have established a chain of outposts from the St. Lawrence to New Orleans, shutting in the English east of the Appalachians, but religious exclusion leaves New France outnumbered by ten to one, and the "fatuity" of "Louis XV and his Pompadour" chooses incompetent or corrupt ministers, so that even the genius of General Montcalm cannot save New France. Montcalm's brilliant victory at Ticonderoga in the 1750s has as little permanent effect on the wilderness as La Salle's grandiose proclamation near the mouth of the Mississippi seventy years earlier. "On that day" in 1682, Parkman says,

> the realm of France received on parchment a stupendous accession. The fertile plains of Texas; the vast basin of the Mississippi, from its frozen northern springs to the sultry borders of the Gulf; from the woody ridges of the Alleghenies to the bare peaks of the Rocky Mountains,—a region of savannahs and forests, sun-cracked deserts, and grassy prairies, watered by a thousand rivers, ranged by a thousand warlike tribes, passed beneath the sceptre of the Sultan of Versailles; and all by virtue of a feeble human voice, inaudible at half a mile.

Parkman's grand vistas, ironies, and themes are balanced by the weight of the particular. Just as he preferred the skirmish to the large battle because it enabled a narrator to make readers "play a part in the scene," so he wanted his descriptions of small expeditions to convey "the tangible presence of rock, river, and forest," to "breathe the somber poetry of solitude and danger." When we have followed La Salle and his men, "toiling knee-deep in saturated snow," carrying their canoes through the woods because the river is still covered with ice, the powerful rhetoric describing La Salle's "hardihood" gains force from our discovery that "the half-thawed prairie" ahead of them is "one vast tract of mud, water, and discolored, half-liquid snow."

IN MILITARY narrative, too, Parkman's practice validates his remarks about the merit of skirmishes. His masterpiece, *Montcalm and Wolfe*, brings Sir William Johnson's makeshift force into an ambush by French and Indian troops under Baron Dieskau. Parkman's description of the New England troops suggests their eccentricity, self-reliance, independence, the very qualities that have tormented governors and generals when legislatures refused to appropriate the funds necessary to military action:

> The soldiers were no soldiers, but farmers and farmers' sons who had volunteered for the summer campaign. One of the corps had a blue uniform faced with red. The rest wore their daily clothing. Blankets had been served out to them by the several provinces, but the greater part brought their own guns; some under penalty of a fine if they came without them, and some under inducement of a reward. They had no bayonets, but carried hatchets in their belts as a sort of substitute. At their sides were slung powder horns, on which, in the leisure of the camp, they carved quaint devices with the points of their jackknives. They came chiefly from plain New England homesteads,—rustic abodes, unpainted and dingy, with long well-sweeps, capacious barns, rough fields of pumpkins and corn, and vast kitchen chimneys, above which in winter hung squashes to keep them from frost, and guns to keep them from rust.

The vivid details go further than the rhetoric of rustic abodes and plain homesteads to characterize Johnson's troops, and Parkman has the letters of the French commander to enforce the contrast in action.

First he quotes Dieskau's order telling the Indian allies "not to amuse themselves by taking scalps till the enemy is entirely defeated, since they can kill ten men in the time required to scalp one," and then Dieskau's complaint about the impossibility of controlling "these devils" and their insatiable demands for food and brandy. Soon Dieskau sits helpless, with three bullets in his leg. Denouncing his unreliable Canadians and Indians, he orders his adjutant to lead the regular French troops in a final assault against the English camp.

"It was too late," Parkman writes.

> Johnson's men, singly or in small squads, were already crossing their row of logs; and in a few moments the whole dashed forward with a shout, falling upon the enemy with hatchets and the butts of their guns. The French and their allies fled. The wounded General still sat helpless by the tree, when he saw a soldier aiming at him. He signed to the man not to fire; but he pulled the trigger, shot him across the hips, leaped upon him, and ordered him in French to surrender. "I said," writes Dieskau, " 'You rascal, why did you fire? You see a man lying in his blood on the ground, and you shoot him!' He answered: 'How did I know you had not got a pistol? I had rather kill the devil than have the devil kill me!' 'You are a Frenchman?' I asked. 'Yes,' he replied; 'it is more than ten years since I left Canada'; whereupon several others fell on me and stripped me. I told them to carry me to their general, which they did. On learning who I was, he sent for surgeons, and, though wounded himself, refused all assistance till my wounds were dressed."

The French-immigrant Yankee's shrewd allusion to the devil gives a comical frame to Dieskau's part of the episode, which began with the impossibility of controlling "these devils," and of course Sir William Johnson's courtesy contrasts with Dieskau's willingness to let the Indians scalp prisoners, if only they wait till the fighting has ended. It is the comic undertone that often enriches Parkman's history by sounding such notes of moral complexity, even in

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the wars between liberty and absolutism. Jesuit martyrs, risking their lives to baptize dying Huron children, find that the parents suspect the mysterious rite is *causing* the deaths, because the children die soon afterward. But the priests continue (with the stealthiness of pickpockets, Parkman says) to baptize the children secretly. British generals and Anglo-American governors and legislatures bicker about prerogatives, and bring disaster to their own armies, fleets, frontier towns. Indian nations destroy one another, and the victors choose as an ally the imperial antagonist whose cause will be the more lethal to their own. For a decade after the treaty of Utrecht in the early eighteenth century, British and French forces in America fight a series of deceitful battles while the two nations are at peace. It is not the moral superiority but the dreary corruption of British political life in the mid-eighteenth century that eventually drives the people to find in William Pitt their representative champion. And at the climax of the Seven Years' War, the path by which General Wolfe and his army secretly scale the heights of Abraham happens to be undefended at the top, because the corrupt junior officer assigned to the post has gone home for a few days to harvest his crops.

Of course Parkman, a descendant of the Puritan John Cotton, and son and namesake of a prominent Unitarian minister, did not shrink from expressing strong, sometimes narrow, judgments. His impatience with Indian culture is matched by his preference for what he called "natural piety" over the faith of his French priests and all but one of his French nuns. Capable of declaring that "the wild Indian is as unstable as water," and that "every lineament" in a Sulpitian monk's portrait "proclaims the priest," Parkman sometimes was as caustic about Puritan "priestcraft" in Massachusetts and Quaker pacifism in Philadelphia as about the "duplicity" of the Jesuits and Indians. And although he could not enter fully into imaginative sympathy with the highest values of Indian or Roman Catholic culture, he was strongly attracted by the former's dignity and the courage and endurance of both. He said that he had been led to his subject by "a taste for the woods and the Indians." When he brought together "the scholar-soldier" Montcalm and "the foulest man-eating savage of the utter-

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most northwest," he was not only painting a conventional scene of romantic opposites, "the highest civilization" joining with "the darkest barbarism" against the bungling forces of natural progress. He was also uniting two groups for whom his narrative had repeatedly expressed admiration. Often he seems to yearn for the opportunity to share their privation, as he had once done during his never-forgotten "summer out of bounds" on the Oregon Trail.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 4*

bored the enemy, not our own troops. It was sprayed at the rate of three gallons per acre, hardly enough to drench anyone on the ground, especially since they were protected by the thick jungle growth we were seeking to defoliate.

Anecdotal accounts of individuals who attribute their ill health and that of their families to possible exposure to Agent Orange in Vietnam are always touching. One is saddened to hear of these unfortunate cases, but such accounts do not have any scientific value in trying to determine the causes of those ailments.

One would hope that TNR would recognize that fact and would insist that its writers and reviewers show a decent respect for scientific methods and standards when dealing with scientific subjects.

REED IRVINE
Accuracy in Media, Inc.
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Bryan replies:
Either Mr. Irvine did not read the piece closely or did not finish it; in any case, I pointed out that the reason the V.A. "is behaving the way it is," i.e., seemingly dragging its feet on responding to the veterans' Agent Orange claims, is precisely because there is no hard scientific evidence yet to support those claims. There is no evidence because, as I wrote, the V.A., "traditionally a research and traumatic shock treatment facility accustomed to dealing with injuries stemming from battlefield wounds . . . now finds itself confronted with injuries and illnesses stemming from more subtle problems such as chemical poisoning." The piece then listed the various human health studies the government has commissioned to try to discover the effects of dioxin. And according to Dr. Alvin Young of the V.A., if these studies and tests bear out the veterans' claims, then the government will assume the responsibility for doing what needs to be done. As for the Ranch Hand study, space does not permit going into its flaws. Suffice it to say Ranch Hand personnel have joined in Yannacone's Vietnam veterans' class action suit against the chemical companies.

GANDHI'S ONGOING LEGACY

To the editors:
The disorders attendant on the Mahatma's campaign of "truth-firmness" in the spring of 1919 are common knowledge (see "False Gandhi," by Elie Kedourie, TNR, March 21; "True Gandhi," by Hendrik Hertzberg, TNR, April 25; "Correspondence," TNR, June 13), and I am surprised that Mr. Hertzberg should find it "striking" that I should not have cited chapter and verse. Does he by any chance think that I have invented the riots in Ahmedabad, Delhi, and Amritsar? However, to still his suspiciousness, let me cite Gandhi's own autobiography, where a chapter entitled "A Himalayan Miscalculation" confesses, in allusive and mealy-mouthed fashion, his responsibility for the disaster. The details of the disorders are set out in a recent book, *Watershed in India, 1914-1922*, by Sir Algernon Rumbold.

As for the Hunter Report, it is not a matter of liking or disliking it. The language of sentiment has no place here. In my letter I gave many reasons why it would not be safe to consider this report as an historical account of what took place in Amritsar.

ELIE KEDOURIE
London, England

Mr. Hertzberg replies:
I turn the other cheek.

The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Letters should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be held to under 200 words. Letters may be edited for space. Please address letters to: Correspondence, TNR, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

TRB, *continued from page 6*

policies, but to give him an opportunity to modify them—or even reverse them. That is what is being missed here. When he was trapped in some silly rhetoric about Social Security, the Senate had unanimously repudiated him, and the country was coming to the view that he was ready to put the elderly out on ice floes, Mr. Reagan named a commission which reversed course on the emotional issues and came up with some reasonably sound short-term fixes—and he escaped most of the heat he had created. His success with the MX commission is also instructive. The Scowcroft Report changed the more unacceptable aspects of the plan, including all the eminently ridiculous "basing modes"—"dense packs," "race tracks," etc.—and provided the basis for at least a provisional congressional go-ahead.

Now what is the President's situation? Judging by all the cosmetic activity in the area of civil rights, and the announced forthcoming attention to women, Hispanics, and labor, it's time to get ready for the reelection campaign. If so, the Central America policy needs changing. Only 8 percent of all Americans, the polls tell us, even know what the Administration's policy *is*, let alone support it. And anxiety over a possible war is a major drag on the President's chances.

Ronald Reagan is a proud man, and he will not change that policy abruptly or admit it was wrong. But a bipartisan commission, headed by a man attacked so vigorously by the left—ah, that is another matter. A new Central America policy stressing, let us say, negotiations on the Contadora model, an insistence on some human rights standards (in Nicaragua as well as elsewhere, it will be careful to note), and proposing massive economic aid and trade preferences—that could get Mr. Reagan pretty much off the hook.

Henry Kissinger has no need to strengthen his hard-line credentials, nor does this appointment represent—as one right-wing commentator noted sadly this week—his "return to power." (Who remembers the chairman of the Social Security Commission?) But a new policy would offer the President—and the Republican Party, and Mr. Kissinger—the opportunity to seize some high ground, and maybe win an election. And who knows, it might even help the people of Central America.

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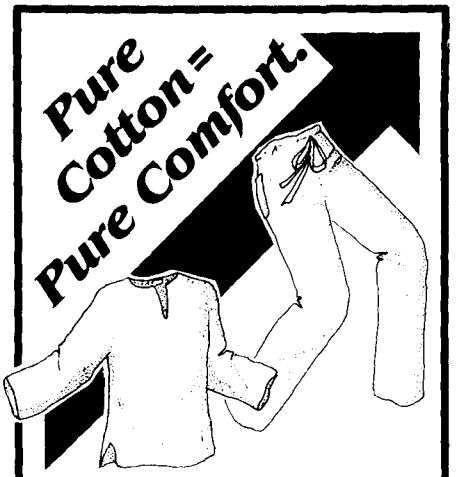

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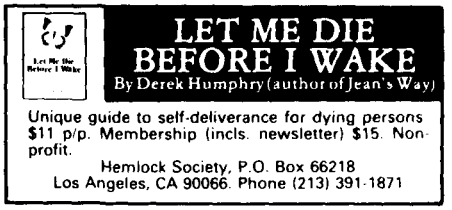
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THAILAND DIARIST

Anomalies

THAILAND, the old kingdom of Siam, is shouldered (and sometimes muscled) by Cambodia to the east, Laos to the north, and Burma to the west. Compared to its neighbors, it is something of an anomaly: politically self-defined, independent, fairly prosperous. Thais are justly proud of the fact that nobody has ever colonized them, and they intend to keep up this tradition. "The Communists don't stand a chance here, and they know it," I am told by Tchaisiri Samudavanija, a well-known Thai journalist. "They tried several times, and failed. It's probably lucky for us that China would very much *prefer* that we stay independent. They hate the Vietnamese, you know." I ask him about the border troubles with Cambodia. "They're skirmishes," he says. "We're being slapped on the wrists for taking in those refugees. But nobody in Thailand worries about them." He adds that the foreign—especially American—press tends to blow these incidents out of proportion.

OTHER THAIS say much the same thing to me, stressing their independence. Communist aggression seems way down on their list of problems, at the top of which is the sinking of Bangkok. Once called "the Venice of the East," Bangkok will someday be nothing but a bay. The city can't float its roughly six million people. Thirty years ago, the city's lovely canals were filled in to accommodate the internal combustion engine. Those canals, alas, formed an elaborate drainage system, now lost. So the city's half a million cars and four thousand (barely) working buses now stand axle-deep in water through a good part of the year. And the water is filthy: the waste products of all six or so million Bangkokians flow untreated into the otherwise majestic Chao Phaya River, which wends its way past the city's sparkling high-rise hotels and squalid riverside housing. Never has T. S. Eliot's famous line from *Four Quartets* been more apt: "The river is a strong brown god."

FOR AN AMERICAN in Thailand, the ghost of the Vietnam War hovers in the streets. One remembers the barely post-adolescent boys from Cedar Rapids on their brief R&Rs. The Pat Pong Road still glitters with "massage parlors," go-go bars, and sex shows. In the windows of the Mona Lisa, a landmark massage parlor, over one hundred girls sit scantily clad behind TV sets, numbers around their necks, for sale. I go into Lucy's Tiger Den, a famous watering spot for soldiers during the war, which is run by "Tiger," an American redneck type. It looks like any rural dive in the United States, except that the barmaids are Thai. Mementos and photographs of the war crowd the walls, giving the vets who make regular pilgrimages back to Lucy's something to look at. As I drink my beer, Tiger is showing a gray-haired ex-lieutenant called Bud a picture of himself in 1967, "the good old days." (They actually say that.) "We should have gone in there to win," says Bud. Tiger agrees, and everyone at the bar grunts approval. Where have I heard all this before? I make small talk with a group of ex-Green Berets who are thumbing excitedly through the latest issue of *Soldier of Fortune*, the magazine of the mercenary set. They talk about P.O.W. camps in Laos that they could liberate if given half a chance. "You picked a fine time to leave me, Lucille" plays over the tape system.

I FLY TO CHIANG MAI, Thailand's second largest city (pop. 1,166,123). It could not be more different from Bangkok, sitting in a high fertile valley to the northwest. It is as clean as a Swiss village. For an Asian city, its streets seem almost empty of cars and people. The green mountains are populated by hill tribes who made their way down to Thailand from China, and who have never quite been assimilated into Thai culture. I visit one tribe, the Meo, who like the others specialize in growing opium, which they sell on the black market. In an opium den, a half dozen dazed tribesmen recline on a dirty mattress. "The government has tried to get them to grow beans instead," says Mrs. Chamchit Lackawat to me over dinner the next day. "But opium is so much easier to grow—and so much more profitable." She is a landowner and tobacco grower, the leading matron of Chiang Mai. Because of the low nicotine content of Thai tobacco, her U.S. sales are booming. "We don't want to crack down too hard on the hill people," she remarks. "It might turn them into rebels, which would be bad for us all." She goes on to talk about the country's great unity, symbolized by their devotion to the king, H. M. King Bhumibol Adulyadej, a Boston-born jazz enthusiast who apparently plays a mean saxophone. His pro-American sympathies seem to have trickled down to the populace. An American feels very welcome here.

DUE WEST OF BANGKOK, along the Burmese border, lies the province of Kanchanaburi. The houses there are fragile bamboo crates on spindly legs. Salt farms and rice paddies quilt the countryside; peasants, who make up 80 percent of Thailand's labor force, work the land much as their most distant ancestors did. The center of each farming community remains the temple, with its brilliantly colored facades and towers. At dawn the saffron-robed monks take to the roads with their wooden bowls to beg. One acquires merit here by offering them food, so they do not have to travel far. I remember what my journalist friend in Bangkok told me: "What the Western traveler doesn't quite feel is the powerful gravitational force of the temple. Buddhism is as much a philosophy of life as a religion, and it affects everything we do. It explains our stability." Leaving Thailand, I stand in line at the airport gate behind two elderly monks, and watch in amazement as the airline attendants, instead of taking their tickets, suddenly fold their hands and bow solemnly as the monks swished by. My sense of Thailand is deepened by this little vignette, and my confidence in this country's ability to survive its violent neighbors is, however wrongly, bolstered. My only worry is for the two monks, who sit behind me on the plane. They are to get off twenty-two hours later in Dallas.

JAY PARINI

Jay Parini is a poet and novelist. His recent book of poems, *Anthracite Country*, was published by Random House.

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